

Toxic Attraction: Chapter 25

Hey all, first of all Happy New Year! I hope you all have a great one. As frigging fast as 2024 went by, I do always look forward to the fresh start of a new year. I don't want to share my resolutions just yet but I do have plans to write a lot more in 2025 than I did in 2024 and my brain is overflowing with ideas to write about that I'm sure you all will enjoy.

Here's to a great 2025 :)

Anyways, lets jump to the good stuff shall we? Below is Toxic Attraction Chapter 25 for your reading pleasure.

"Uh," Sarah groaned as the bed shifted next to her. Someone was lying next to her in the bed. It wasn't clear whether the man was awake or still fast asleep. She had never felt more exhausted in all her life. She wasn't sure if she had slept for a few minutes or hours; all she knew was that her body felt like there wasn't an ounce of energy inside it. Sarah could probably sleep for a week and wouldn't feel recuperated entirely.

The covers on top of her shifted, dragging across her bare skin. Part of Sarah's brain registered that she was naked from the sheet up against her left nipple, but her body didn't move. She knew she was in a hotel room somewhere, but the details were blurry. All she could remember was that she had lost track of how many times she had been fucked over the last few hours.

Just that stray recollection of the night's events gave her goosebumps. The sheet shifted again, and she felt the body next to her move. Then she felt hot breath on her neck, sending a shiver down her spine. Wet lips soon followed, grazing the nape of her neck. Sarah's mind was still drifting between consciousness and unconsciousness, but her body was waking up. There was an unfamiliar heaviness to her left hand. Something different. It was her ring finger....her wedding ring felt different. Then it dawned on her. She lifted it to her face and considered the ornate diamond engagement ring Lester had given her the night before in the restaurant.

Her thighs clamped together as a strange hand came to rest on her bare hip. She was suddenly very aware of how naked she was aside from the new piece of jewelry. She wasn't sure who was behind her or whether he was clothed or not. But she could feel the body heat emanating from him, making her guess the man wasn't dressed either.

The hand started caressing her hip, gently running down to her thigh, making small circles with his fingertips. More kisses began to adorn her neck, eliciting a soft moan from Sarah's lips. That slight

sound seemed to act as a green light for whoever was behind her as the hand left her hip and landed on her shoulder. It turned her onto her back as his body slid up against her.

Sarah turned her head towards the man beside her. As she was about to pry open her groggy eyes, thin lips pressed hard against hers. They were eager and seemingly reverent about kissing her thoroughly. The hand left her shoulder and cupped her cheek. Sarah instinctively returned the kiss. Her lips parted as his tongue touched her lower lip. She pressed her tongue against his before the kiss deepened, and their tongues began to explore each other's mouths.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned into the man's mouth. Even in her groggy, half-asleep state, she knew who it was. He didn't have Lester's dominating presence. He was much more worshipful with her, like he was grasping sand and didn't want any to slip through his fingers.

It was Jesse. Her husband's unwanted former protege turned a constant thorn in his side. She'd never felt anything for him but pity and then anger, but she couldn't deny that the way he touched her just did something for her. Like she was his everything and he couldn't breathe without her. It was arousing how much control he was ceding to her. He was the antithesis of Lester. She was used to losing control with Dan's roommate through submission. But she hadn't been able to maintain order everywhere else in her life over the past few months. Having control again, even just a sliver of it, was something she needed now.

Jesse's cock started to harden against her thigh as the illicit couple continued to explore each other's mouths. Sarah could practically feel his eager pole throb against her, making her thighs rub against each other.

Jesse's hand left her face and slowly trailed down her body. Sarah gasped against Jesse's mouth as his warm hand cupped her breast, gently squeezing it as his thumb came in contact with her nipple. She could feel his lips curve up in a smile at the reaction he'd gotten out of her. Sarah grabbed the back of his head, pulled his lips back firmly against hers, and kissed him hungrily.

Her pussy was sore from getting fucked repeatedly so often over the last several hours. She had no idea how much cum had been shot into her or the exact number of times each man had taken her, but she knew she wanted more. It was like Lester had ignited an unquenchable desire within her that she was trying now to desperately fill.

Sarah pushed her chest into Jesse's gentle caress as her hand slid down his back, exploring his body. It wasn't strong like her husband's, and it wasn't fat like Lester's. It felt a bit scrawny, but she didn't care at the moment. His body shivered under her touch. Sarah's hand kept descending down his body until it found what she wanted. His cock seemed to strengthen to full firmness as she wrapped her fingers around it. His body lurched, and he groaned against her lips, his body and mind seemingly disconnecting from her touch. But his mind-body disconnect was short-lived as his hips intrinsically thrust his cock forward into her hand.

"Oh my god," Jesse groaned as Sarah tightened her grip around his cock, "I still can't believe we're doing this."

"We've barely started doing anything," Sarah laughed as her mind finally started to wake up. Rational thought of the consequences wasn't the part of her brain waking up. It was a part of her that was far more primal. She gave his enlarged shaft another squeeze, making Jesse groan again.

"Uhhhh, like all night. Together. I just wish Lester wasn't here," Jesse said.

"My hand is wrapped around your dick, and your hands are on my tits, and you're really thinking about Lester right now?" Sarah said.

"No – that's not what I meant –"

Sarah kissed him hard, pressing her lips firmly against his to reset his brain, "Shhhhhhhhhh"

"Just that I wish we did this months ago," Jesse mumbled, "Like on our first trip to Minnesota."

"Mhmmmm," Sarah said, "I don't know. I don't think you would've made a move back then. Even now, it took Lester arranging things to make this happen."

"That's not true," Jesse said quickly. I bet you didn't know I was in your bed that night."

"What? I don't remember that," Sarah trailed off as Jesse's hips started thrusting faster into her palm.

"You may have been a little out of it," Jesse said.

"Tell me," Sarah whispered, "Tell me how sneaky you were. What did you do?"

"I, uh, I...Dan left to do something for Byron," Jesse said, "And I waited until he was gone, and I, um, I got into your bed."

"Is that all?" Sarah breathed.

"No...." Jesse hesitated, "You were on your side. I got behind you and touched you."

"Really?" Sarah raised an eyebrow, "I didn't think you would have it in you. Bad boy. Show me."

"What?"

Sarah let go of Jesse's cock and brushed his hand off her breast, "Show me."

She turned away from him onto her side, pressing her ass back towards him, "Show me what you did that night."

Sarah grabbed his hand and brought it to her hip, "Did you touch me here?"

"Yes," Jesse breathed, his warm breath making the hair on the back of her neck stand up.

"Show me where else, touch me," Sarah said.

Hesitantly, Jesse brought his hand up to her naked breasts and started to play with them gently.

"Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned at his touch, "You were such a bad boy. I had no idea. Is that all you did?"

"No," Jesse breathed, "I did this too."

Jesse shifted his body and pressed himself up against Sarah's magnificent ass. He gripped his cock and positioned it between her thighs like he had all those months ago. He thrust forward, pushing his cock between the upper areas of Sarah's thighs.

"I did this," Jesse groaned into her ear, "And you seemed to like it."

"Did i?" Sarah playfully rolled her hips back and forth as she pushed her ass backward before inching it forwards, fucking Jesse's cock with her thighs. She bit her lip and let her head drift into the pillow as she clamped her thighs tightly around his thrusting cock.

"Uhhhhhhh," Jesse groaned, "You were moaning."

"I can see why now," Sarah said, "You should have woken me up, big boy."

"Really?" Jesse said excitedly.

"Mhmmm-hmmmm," Sarah said back over her shoulder. She could just make out Jesse's flabbergasted expression. He was too easy to toy with. She loved it.

"If Dan wanted to leave me alone in a hotel room with you, he should have expected the consequences," As Sarah finished her sentence, she shifted her body forward, Jesse's dick pressing against the back of her thighs. She bent her waist forward, held her hips tight, and pushed back against Jesse until his cock pushed past her thighs and the head of his cock slid into her pussy.

"Uhhhhhhhhhhfuuuuuuucccckkkkk," Jesse groaned as Sarah's pussy lips parted for his curved cock to enter her warm embrace.

"Mmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned as she pushed her ass back, taking more of Jesse's cock into her. She winced at the soreness between her legs, but for the moment, she didn't want to stop.

"Ohmygod," Jesse groaned.

"God has nothing to do with it," Sarah said, remembering Lester's line with her, "Say my name."

"Oh god, Sarah," Jesse breathed, "You're amazing."

"I know. Now shut up and fuck me," Sarah lightly scolded as she grabbed his hand off her breasts and held it to her waist, urging him to hold her tightly and fuck her. She rolled her hips back and forth as more and more of Jesse's cock disappeared inside of her.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned, closing her eyes and letting her body run away with the sensation of Jesse's curved cock inside of her. From this angle, it was pressing right up against her G-Spot before delving deeper into her.

"Feels so good," Sarah moaned into the pillow. She gripped the edge of the bed for leverage as she pushed her ass back to meet Jesse's shallow thrusts.

"You're so fucking beautiful," Jesse groaned into her ear as he finally started to pick up his pace and fuck her properly. Sarah fucked him back, not caring about anything else at that moment. Sarah's pussy was aching, but she loved every minute of this. She had loved every moment of the previous night. Having two men take turns with her, having her repeatedly. The desire of more than one man in a cramped space, with cocks as hard as a rock because of her. Again, she was distracted by the diamond ring on her finger. Remembering the circumstances under which she'd received it and how twisted and public they had been aroused her even further.

She realized she could have experienced this new level of pleasure years ago. She and Dan could have taken this leap and done it, but they never did. Both had been happy to leave things in fantasy land, but if Sarah had known how amazing it would feel, she would have pushed for more a long time ago. It was Lester who was the catalyst that led to Sarah experiencing new orgasmic heights she'd never dreamed possible.

It was Lester who was constantly pushing and expanding her sexual horizons and introducing her to new carnal pleasures. She opened her eyes in search of Lester, hoping that he would be there. All she saw was the darkness of the room. Even though the two men had taken turns with her, she hadn't experienced them both simultaneously, something she desperately wanted to try now.

As she opened her mouth to call for her lover, Jesse's hands gripped her hips hard, and he finally picked up his pace, fucking her more urgently. Lester was momentarily forgotten. Jesse whispered something behind her head, some sweet nothings that didn't even register in her brain. Her mind was elsewhere while Jesse kept thrusting into her.

The image of Lester and that shit-eating grin as he stared down at her in his domineering satisfaction. The way her hands ran through the coarse, dense hair that covered his back. His fat gut weighing down on her ass as he fucked her from behind. The memory of the way Lester talked shit about Dan right in front of him while he fucked her. The humiliation, the degradation. How fucking hot, no, infernal it all was.

She couldn't believe how much her life had changed. It was like Lester had pulled back the curtain, showing her what reality was actually like. Like her entire life, she'd lived in a safe, walled garden that was protected from the real world.

Jesse kept thrusting against her G-Spot, and Sarah bit her lip, trying to block out whatever Jesse was saying as her mind focused on Lester and the magnificent tool that dangled between his legs. Her latest orgasm was brewing inside of her. She had lost track of how many times her body had cum in this room, but she needed another.

Despite how sore her pussy was, she needed another fucking orgasm.

"Don't stop," Sarah moaned, "Keep fucking going. I'm getting close. So fucking close."

"Uhhhh, okay. God, you feel amazing, Sarah." Jesse groaned, but Sarah couldn't hear it.

"Fuckme," Sarah moaned as her hips started slamming back against Jesse with abandon. He tightened his grip on her hips, trying desperately to hold on and keep pace. Every time Jesse thrust into her, Sarah thrust her ass back onto his cock harder. Soon, she was thrusting back faster and stronger than Jesse could muster, her pace frantic and erratic.

"Holy fucking shit," Jesse gritted his teeth holding on for dear life.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned, throwing her head back, "Don't fucking stop. I'm right there."

"Fuck, Fuck. Please. Please. Yes. Yes. Fuck. God fuck," Sarah shouted. Her orgasm started to bubble up inside of her. Warmth began spreading throughout her body, igniting her nerves and injecting pleasure straight to her brain.

"OH GOD FUCK!" Sarah screamed as every muscle in her body tightened, and her orgasm rattled through her body, shaking her to her very soul. One of her legs kicked out while her fingers dug into the mattress. "MHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMYYES."

The muscles in her neck flexed as she held her breath. Her tongue lolled out of her mouth. Her body felt on fire as she came, her orgasm ravaging her body like a wildfire spreading out of control.

"Holyfuck me," Sarah groaned, her pussy tightening around Jesse's cock. Her body went deathly, still reveling in the spasms of bliss it was experiencing.

As she finally came back down to earth, she could hear the labored breathing coming from behind her. Somehow Jesse was winded even though she had been the one enthusiastically fucking back on him. The image of Lester and all the indignities she'd experienced at his hands had been too much for her to control herself.

As the pleasure slowly receded, she noticed just how painful her pussy felt. Jesse finally seemed to catch his breath and pushed his cock forward again, eager to cum himself.

"Stop," Sarah said, making Jesse freeze in his tracks, "Pull it out."

"What?" Jesse asked.

"Just take it out," Sarah said as she shifted her hips forward away from Jesse's cock. Her pussy was incredibly sore. With her orgasm slowly deflating from her body she felt wrung out. All of that exhaustion threatened to crash down on her and knock her out.

Jesse's cock made an audible pop when it came out of her pussy. Sarah groaned and turned around to face Jesse.

"I have a surprise for you," She smiled mischievously. She really didn't think that her pussy could physically handle any more activity. She would probably be recuperating for weeks. But she knew that someone like Jesse wouldn't be able to last long if she put her mouth to work on him.

Sarah pushed Jesse onto his back and slowly began lowering herself down, closer and closer to his throbbing erection.

"Fuck," Jesse groaned as the tip of Sarah's tongue flicked tantalizingly across the head of his hardened cock. Sarah twirled her tongue around the meaty helmet, dancing across his cockslit. Sarah could feel Jesse's body writhe underneath her touch, and she smiled at how quickly she knew she would be able to make short work of him.

"I'm going to take good care of you," Sarah said huskily, lowering her head.

Jesse's hips were practically bucking off the bed by the time Sarah's mouth engulfed his quivering cock. She bathed him up and down with her tongue along the strange curve of his shaft. His veins pulsated in her hands as she moaned around his reddened cock, "Mhmmmmmm."

"I love you, Sarah. Holy crap, you feel so fucking good."

"Mmmm-hmmm," Sarah agreed back while his youthful cock was stuffed in her sucking mouth. He was a lot easier to handle than Lester, but the curved shaft made her adjust her technique to accommodate his length. She took her mouth entirely off of him and kissed and licked up and down his shaft. Making little moans with each one of her kisses.

"You're way bigger than I ever thought you'd be, Jesse," Sarah mused to herself as her fingertips danced around the skin of his balls. Her other hand was firmly gripping his shaft, tightly tugging it up and down where she wasn't kissing.

"Is my cock bigger than your husband's? Bigger than Dan's?" Jesse's eyes were heavy-lidded as he watched her every move, committing the entire experience to memory.

"Mmmm. Mmm-hmmm. Yours is definitely bigger, and he doesn't have this nice curve that hits me just right. I bet you have a ton of girlfriends." She fixed her mouth onto where his shaft bent and whipped her tongue back and forth over the bowed area.

"No," Jesse managed to say as his body seemingly convulsed under Sarah's touch, "You're all the woman I need."

"Well, aren't you a charmer," Sarah smiled before licking up the base of his shaft all the way to the head of his cock and back down again. Then she dramatically dived down, swirling her tongue around his balls.

Jesse just groaned in response, "Fuck. Slow down. It feels too fucking good."

"You want me to stop?" Sarah asked as she extended her tongue and licked around his balls some more. Her hand constantly jerking his twitching cock. Jesse grabbed her wrist, trying to stop her from stroking him, but Sarah switched hands.

"No...No..I just, uh, want it to last. I could lay like this forever." Jesse croaked.

He's talking to me like I'm some precious flower. Sarah kept up her aggressive licking of Jesse's balls as her hands alternated, stroking his shaft. Jesse was squirming under her touch, trying to grab her wrists, preventing her from stroking him.

"Slow down. Slow down. Let's make this last," Jesse said.

"No," Sarah said, breaking free from his grasp and sitting up. She stared down at where he was, her hand going back to his cock shaft. She gripped it hard, squeezing it as she stroked it up and down.

"I want your cum Jesse. I need it," Sarah breathed, lowering herself back down to his cock, "Don't stop me. Keep your hands to yourself, got it? I want to taste you. I want what's in here" Her hand caressed his ballsack lovingly.

Hearing herself say those words to Jesse reignited the fire burning inside her, stooping to that level, giving herself to someone like Jesse. Someone her husband hated and had tried to fuck over in the past. And who had fucked her husband over a few times. It was so humiliating to both her and Dan. She pictured the conflicted look on Dan's face, the mix of arousal with guilt and shame. She fucking loved it. She couldn't control herself with this at all anymore.

"Oh fuck," Jesse groaned, "I'm gonna cum."

"Give it to me, Jesse. Give it all to me," Sarah lowered her head to the top of his cock just in time as it spluttered and exploded. She greedily let his cum wash over her mouth, blasting to the back of her throat. She swallowed his first immense load and hungrily lapped up the rest.

Jesse groaned, and his body seemingly went stiff as his cock kept oozing out more and more cum. Finally, Sarah swallowed the last load and affectionately kissed the head of his spent cock.

"Mhmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned. She licked up some after cum that was dripping out of his cock. "Just what I wanted for breakfast."

"I can't, I can't even. You're fucking amazing." Jesse groaned.

"You said that already," Sarah laughed as she flopped herself back onto the pillow beside Jesse and closed her eyes. "I know how amazing I am, but thank you for saying it again. You're too sweet." She licked her lips to underline the double entendre.

With a fresh load of warm cum in her belly, Sarah's eyes closed instantly. The pillow was too comfortable, and every fiber of her being was exhausted. She planned to sleep for a week.

Lester stopped the recording and slunk back behind the wall towards the bathroom. He tiptoed into the bathroom and gently closed the door, ensuring the handle didn't make any audible click.

When he returned home, the surreptitious video would be a great addition to his Sarah folder. Sure, he didn't plan on frequently watching these videos like all the others he had amassed. After all, it didn't feature him, but he was enthralled at how slutty Sarah had been. Lester smiled inwardly at how far he had caused the young mother to fall.

Her evolution into his little slut was complete. She couldn't deny herself anymore. What was once a well-manicured front of sophistication and elegance had cracked. Lester had turned her into what she was now, and she was his. She would do whatever he wanted.

Lester saved the video and chuckled, wondering where Dan was at that moment.

Dan felt a little man with a pickaxe chipping away at the inside of his skull. He groaned as he turned over on the cold bench, praying to all the deities he knew to make the pain in his head go away.

Reluctantly, he sat up and wiped the cold drool from his face. His eyes steadily blinked as they adjusted to the light, and he tried to retain his bearings.

The details of the previous night were fuzzy, but he knew he was sitting in a jail cell for the first time in his life. "Jail cell," the words reverberated through his aching head. Now that he was upright, the night's events slowly started to click into place, and his brain started to fire up despite the pounding headache.

Just what the hell was in those drinks? Dan ran his hands over his face before looking around at the other men in the cell. His watch told him it was just past 10 am. How long were they going to keep him in here? And more importantly, where the hell was Sarah?

He couldn't remember anything with crystal-clear clarity, but what he did know made his stomach turn and threatened to spill his expensive meal all over the dirty floor. Lester had taken Sarah upstairs, leaving Dan with their hefty bill. Somehow, Jesse was involved and had likely found his way into the hotel room with Sarah. Then there were flashes of a hallway and him banging on doors before being manhandled by a pair of large cops.

There was something else important he had to remember, but it was just out of reach. He tried to focus on it, trying to bring the blurry idea into focus.

"Williams, Dan, time to go," a guard barked from the cell door. Dan hadn't noticed him standing there a second ago.

Dan stood up and walked to the opened cell door, following the officer into an administrative area. He felt tense, waiting for whatever life-changing verdict would be handed down to him. The officer led him down a long corridor before stopping in front of a desk behind a plexiglass window marred with many scratches.

Another officer was sitting behind the desk. He looked bored.

"Dan Williams," the first guard said to the one behind the desk. When the other guard nodded, the first officer abruptly walked away. Dan looked around at his surroundings. The guard hadn't put handcuffs on him, making Dan hope there might be a light at the end of this long, dark tunnel.

The officer behind the desk slid a clipboard out of a rectangular hole in the glass towards Dan. "Sign at the bottom."

Then he slid a small plastic tub filled with items through as well. Dan recognized his wallet, wedding ring, and cell phone inside of it.

"What's this?" Dan asked as his eyes scanned the paper attached to the clipboard. At the top, there were some words about personal effects.

"You're free to go. Just sign the form confirming we handed back all your possessions, and then you can leave," the officer said without looking up.

"That's it? Do I have to go to court or something later?" Dan asked.

The officer let out a long, weary sigh before begrudgingly turning his chair to look at the computer screen next to him. After a few seconds, he finally looked up at Dan impatiently, "The hotel where you were found zonked out of your mind declined pressing charges. You're free to go. Just don't be an idiot. Learn how to control your liquor. Now sign the form and get out of here."

Dan quickly signed the form and grabbed his stuff. The officer took back the clipboard and didn't spare Dan another look. Dan glanced around the room, waiting for someone to escort him out or to tell him that he was being put back into a cell.

After a few seconds, when no one came, Dan hesitantly walked along a marked pathway until he reached the police station's lobby. Feeling like a criminal fleeing the crime scene, he tried to walk casually across the lobby and through the double doors leading to the outside. His body tensed as he pushed open the door. He was just waiting for someone to call his name from behind the moment he opened the door fully, just like in the movies.

But no shout came. Instead, Dan opened the door, and a cool Chicago breeze hit his face, waking him up and snapping him out of his dark thoughts. His jailbreak was complete. Dan quickly put as much distance between himself and the police station as possible before stopping to get his phone out of his pocket to call Sarah.

The screen was black and unresponsive. He held the power button down for several seconds but nothing happened. It was dead. Nothing more useful than a fancy glass brick.

Dan sighed and stared at the sky, letting the cool wind tickle his skin, refreshing him and helping combat the lingering pounding in his head. It still fucking hurt. A lot. He didn't plan on ever drinking like that again. When he got back to the apartment, he'd pop a Tylenol and take a long nap.

Dan looked down the street at the buildings around him. They were all entirely unfamiliar. He had no idea what part of Chicago he was in, and he couldn't check his phone. He'd have to figure things out the old-fashioned way, talk to someone, and grab a bus or taxi home.

As Dan pondered his next move, his brain began churning through the night before and the revelation he nearly had in the drunk tank. The wacky idea that Lester was somehow responsible for the networks of Sarah and Jesse's employers being compromised. In the cold light of day, the idea seemed much more far-fetched than it had during his drunken stupor.

He almost dismissed it entirely as the fancies of a humiliated man drunk off his ass, but the more he thought about it, the harder it was for him to shake it. The idea may have made sense last night, but it

didn't seem plausible. But there were a lot of coincidences surrounding Lester that were looking suspicious.

The more he thought about it, the stranger it seemed. If Jesse had been in that hotel room last night, then two of the three people there would have had their companies hacked. That seemed statistically off. Way off.

Fucking Jesse. Had he really been there in that hotel last night, or was someone fucking with Dan? Lester. He wanted to check his phone and look at Jesse's message with sober eyes, but his phone was still dead. The idea of that little fucking creep even coming close to his wife.....

Dan shook his head, trying to get his thoughts back on track as he walked, looking around for a coffee shop or deli. If Lester really had hacked both companies, what was his goal? What was his end game? Money?

Dan had no idea what game Lester was playing. But if Lester had arranged for Jesse to be in that room, whatever the game was, it would have been personal, and Lester would have been playing on a different level than Dan had even conceived.

It was time to fix that.

Even though Dan was overwhelmed by work and his fledgling side consultancies, he needed to figure this out. It was time to do some digging into Lester and find out just who the hell he was.

It was time to go to war and give Lester the attention he deserved.

"Wake up, we're home," Lester said, snapping Sarah awake. She barely remembered leaving the hotel and getting into the passenger seat of his SUV. Lester pulled into his parking spot at the apartment and turned off the engine. "Let's get you upstairs and into my bed."

"I honestly don't think I can," Sarah said. She wore the dark blue dress from the night before with the extremely sexy cut. "I'm sore all over. I might need some time."

"You can still suck on this," Lester grabbed his crotch and chuckled, "Come on, you can't leave me high and dry here."

"Seriously? I can't even count the number of times you fucked me last night," Sarah put her face in her hands, "You've had more than your fill."

Lester just smirked, "I'll never get enough of you. Besides, you blew Jesse this morning, and now you'll leave me hanging like this? That's just not nice. You owe me."

"Hey, Jesse was part of your plan. I didn't know he was going to be there. You get what you get." Sarah said as she climbed out of the car. It briefly crossed her mind that she often said the same thing to her children. Lester followed suit, and the two walked towards the back entrance of the building.

"Have you heard from Dan?" Sarah asked, "He hasn't responded to any of my texts. Are you sure he didn't get a room at the hotel?"

"I have no idea where he is," Lester shrugged, holding out his phone to Sarah, "Look, here, I texted him our room number a few times last night, but he never came. I don't know what happened. He's probably upstairs sleeping it off."

"It's just not like him to bail on me like that," Sarah muttered. "I hope everything's okay."

"I'm sure he'll be fine. He's a big boy. That's why you should blow me upstairs. Dan has to come home and watch to see that happening. It's like the logic of the universe. Right?"

"Maybe," Sarah looked at Lester and shook her head, "You're going to keep pushing for a blowjob, aren't you?"

"Can you really blame me? You're an amazing cocksucker," Lester chuckled.

"Shhhhh," Sarah chided as they reached the doors and went inside to the elevator, "Shut up, will you?"

"Come on, you should be proud of how good you are. Wear it like a badge of honor." Lester chuckled.

"I know how good I am, I just don't need the whole world to know about it," Sarah said.

"You love the attention," Lester chuckled, pressing the button for his floor. The doors closed behind them. "You sure enjoyed the attention you got last night. Now, in the cold light of day, you want to pretend to be a goody two shoes."

"Oh shut up, Lester," Sarah rolled her eyes.

Lester just smirked and reached down to grab a handful of her ass, "Mhm-hmm, that ass."

"You're such a fucking pig."

"You love it," Lester yanked her ass hard, pulling her to him. Sarah gasped as Lester's other hand grabbed her waist and pulled her to him. Lester licked his lips and bent his head. Sarah slapped his chest, pushing him off.

"Get off. Not right now, Lester. I need to find Dan," Sarah scolded him. "Oh and take this," Sarah said as she slid the beautiful ring Lester had given to her off her finger. She handed it to him as the elevator reached their floor.

"Don't want Dan feeling inadequate?" Lester accepted the ring with a raised eyebrow.

"I don't want to rub salt in the wound when I see him. I have no idea what's going on in his head right now. I hope he turns up soon," Sarah breathed. The elevator doors opened on their floor, and Sarah stepped up, with Lester following her right behind her.

"I told you, let's get in there. Jump in my bed and get naked. We'll get a little wild, and the boy scout will show up to watch," Lester laughed.

Sarah ignored Lester and kept walking down the hallway towards his apartment. With each step, she could feel the soreness in her pussy and in her thighs. She couldn't wait to take a hot shower or even a long hot bath to recuperate. Still, the idea of going another round with Lester was beginning to make her body heat up. What was wrong with her?

Sarah made it to the apartment door first and stood patiently waiting for Lester to unlock it.

"Been a while since we were here alone together," Lester said.

"Whatever, Lester, just open the door," Sarah said.

"All sex and no romance lately. Way to make a guy feel wanted," Lester mock huffed, opening the door. Sarah groaned once inside as she took off her heels as Lester shut the door behind her.

"You really should get out of that dress," Lester eyed her hungrily.

"Just give me a second," Sarah said, "You really don't let up, do you?"

"Not when I get you alone. Besides, you have some making up to do after lying to me." Lester said.

"Lying? What are you talking about," Sarah asked.

"About...." Lester trailed off as Dan appeared in the hallway.

"Dan!" Sarah said, "Where were you? I was calling you. You didn't answer any of my texts. What's going on?"

"It's a long story. I just got in myself," Dan looked her over from head to toe and then gave Lester a death stare, "Come on, we have a lot to talk about."

"Where'd you go last night?" Lester asked, "We were waiting for you. Well, we didn't really wait too long but you were missed."

"I'm going to go talk to my wife, Lester," Dan took Sarah by the arm and led her down the hallway into his bedroom.

"Dan, what happened to you?" Sarah asked.

"Not here," Dan said, "Get changed. We're going to take a walk."

"I just got back in, babe., I want to shower and relax," Sarah said.

"Get dressed," Dan repeated, "Now."

Sarah was confused by how serious Dan was being. She just wanted to veg out on the couch after the previous night's events. But she could tell something was really bothering her husband, so she quickly stripped out of her dress and found some clean clothes and underwear in her suitcase. Not long after, Dan and Sarah walked out of the apartment past a seemingly confused Lester, still expecting her to join him in his room.

"What's going on, Dan?" Sarah was starting to get worried. "Is this about last night? We should probably talk about it."

"Let's wait until we get downstairs," Dan said, guiding her into the elevator. Dan watched the descending numbers on the two elevator screens. He was oddly tense, and Sarah knew something was seriously bothering him. It had to be Jesse.

She hadn't expected or wanted Jesse to be in the hotel room last night. Things had quickly gotten out of hand. Sarah didn't exactly regret what happened. It had been an exhilarating experience for her. But Dan was pissed, and she understood why.

Lester could have picked anyone else, but he roped in Jesse, someone he must have known Dan didn't like. And to top that off, Dan's suspicions were correct this entire time. Lester had been in contact with Jesse. But they still didn't know what that meant. Could Lester be involved with the Lincoln Group somehow?

When the elevator doors opened, Dan led Sarah back out of the building, across the parking lot, and into their car. Dan let out a long sigh as he rested his head back against the driver's seat. He closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose.

Sarah sat patiently, waiting for her husband to speak. The seconds ticked by, and finally, she decided to start things off.

"Look about last night. I don't know what happened to you, but there is something you need to know—something that happened in the hotel room," Sarah said.

"I got arrested last night," Dan blurted out.

"What?" Sarah was shocked. She hadn't expected him to say that at all. "Arrested? For what? When? Why didn't you call me?"

"I did call you," Dan opened his eyes and glared at her hard, "You didn't answer. I think you were probably busy."

Sarah felt her stomach drop. While she had been having sex with either of the two men last night, her husband had needed her, and she hadn't been there for him.

"Dan, I'm so sorry. I didn't know. I would have been there, coming and getting you. I'm so sorry. But what happened? What were you arrested for?" Sarah asked.

"First, when I was paying for dinner," Dan started. "Oh, by the way, Lester stuck me with your bill, too. Then I got a text message from Jesse. It was a picture of him standing in front of room 326. I went up there and started looking for you, and before I knew it, the cops showed up and dragged me away."

"That sneaky little shit," Sarah said, "But how did you get arrested? Did you knock? I don't understand how the cops were involved."

"Because you weren't in that room. Some old guy was. You guys must have been in another room. So I went looking for you, and I guess maybe I had a couple more drinks than I should've, and someone must've reported me for making a disturbance."

"Did you? Y'know, make a disturbance?"

"Of course I did! Maybe a little more than I should have, but it was fucking Jesse. Jesse! Showing up like that he must've known about our plans. I went nuts!" Dan's face was getting red, and suddenly, any arousal Sarah had been feeling toward her husband was washed away by immense pangs of shame and guilt.

"Dan, I know things didn't work out the way we wanted last night, but I'm pretty positive we were in room 326."

"You weren't. Trust me." Dan said.

Sarah thought back to the previous night. Lester had put the blindfold on her in the elevator, so she didn't see the room number they'd entered. And this morning, she hadn't paid any attention to them on their way out. Lester was practically holding her up as they rode down the elevator. Just one glance and she would have known what floor she was on.

Lester showed her his phone and his texts to Dan. He told him that they were in room 326 a couple of times.

"Didn't Lester text you?" Sarah asked.

"I don't know. My phone is dead and charging upstairs."

"Okay, so maybe let's just say that we weren't in room 326," Sarah said as she slowly tried to put some puzzle pieces together in her head, "Do you think Lester was lying to us to fuck with you? He couldn't have gotten you arrested. It's not like he has a bunch of police officer friends."

"Who knows! He COULD have a bunch of cop friends. We don't know a fucking thing about him. Besides his little Dungeons and Dragons group, what do we really know about the guy?" Dan said.

Sarah felt like she had a good handle on Lester. She had spent a lot of time with him, after all. But she had to admit she really didn't know anything about him other than surface details he'd provided and the way his giant cock felt inside of her.

"I guess we don't really know much about him. He's private, I guess." Sarah said.

"Private? More like he's fucking hiding things." Dan muttered.

"Hiding what?" Sarah asked.

"I'm not sure yet. But I'm going to figure it out. Don't you think it's just a little weird that your workplace got hacked, and Jesse's did as well? That's a little too much of a coincidence, don't you think?" Dan asked.

"I don't know. I mean, I guess so? It could just mean that hackers are getting better and better at hacking people, though." Sarah didn't really see where Dan was going with this. It was a little odd, but she'd heard of plenty of cases of other hospitals and countless other companies being hacked. Unfortunately, it was becoming more and more commonplace these days.

"Was Jesse in that room last night?" Dan said quietly.

Sarah paused for a few seconds before answering, "Yes, I didn't know that he was –"

"I know. I know you didn't know Sarah. And I need to ask about that, but just look at it. Two out of the three people in the room have had their workplaces hacked. Don't you think that ratio just happens to be too high?"

"Okay, Dan, just spit it out. What are you getting at?" Sarah asked.

"What if it was Lester?" Dan asked, "What if Lester hacked both of your companies?"

Sarah stared at Dan for several seconds as the idea rattled around in her brain. She could see how Dan made the connection, but it still felt like he was jumping to conclusions. Connecting disparate dots and seeing a picture that didn't reflect reality.

"I don't know Dan. Don't you think that's a bit of a reach?" Sarah tried carefully to keep her tone neutral.

"I don't think so. He works in cyber security, doesn't he? He probably has the skills to pull those hacks off. It just seems like too much of a coincidence that two people connected to him have had this happen to them, to their companies," Dan seemed like a dog with a bone, determined to follow this line of thinking wherever it led.

"Okay, I can see that. But you could also say that two people you know have been hacked, too. That doesn't make you the hacker, right?" Sarah said.

Dan shook his head, his brain clearly going a mile a minute. He gestured dismissively at the idea, "But I don't have those skills, Sarah, I couldn't. He fits."

"Maybe. I guess I can kind of see it but we don't really know what kind of skills Lester has. I feel like we have a general idea of what he does. I feel like its defensive, like he know how to fix and unlock the hospital's network, not attack it. But we're just ascribing all these computer skills to him because it's convenient, you know?" Sarah said tepidly.

"But we don't know what his skills are, Sarah. He could be capable of this," Dan added.

"Yeah," Sarah admitted, "Maybe he could. But what's the point? What was his end goal in hacking two people he knows?"

"I don't know that yet. Maybe he used the information he knew about your workplaces to get a foot in the door. I don't have all the answers just yet, but it definitely fits."

"Maybe. I can see how you can see that it matches up, Dan, but I'm not exactly sure it's a perfect fit," Sarah said.

Dan furrowed his brow, "Okay, how about this? Statistically, what is the likelihood of two people being in the same hotel room last night and having their workplaces hacked?"

Sarah braced herself for the gut punch. The discussion about Jesse was about to happen, "I mean, I guess the two people could be coworkers who work for the same company...."

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose, "That's not – uh, Sarah, why do you always have to have a smart answer for everything –"

"I know, I'm sorry," Sarah said innocently, raising her hands. "To your point, I guess it's probably unlikely."

"Really fricking unlikely," Dan exclaimed, "The fact that you and Jesse were in the room with Lester....."

Dan trailed off. Sarah watched his face as his mind shifted gears to realizing that she was alone in a hotel room with Lester and Jesse last night. Her husband looked at her with uncertain eyes before staring out the windshield.

"So last night..." Dan started. Sarah waited patiently for her husband to find the words. She didn't want to rush into this. She knew how difficult this conversation was likely to be. The events of last night had surprised her. More surprising was her reaction to indulging in it. How easy it was for her to justify and embrace the situation. How much pleasure she had derived from being shared between the two men all night long...

She hated the idea of admitting all of that to Dan, but she wanted to be as truthful as possible.

"So you left the restaurant....." the gears shifting in Dan's head, "then what happened?"

"Lester brought us up to our hotel room. I thought you would follow right behind us."

"I got stuck paying my bill and yours. You guys left abruptly, and I had to settle up. I wasn't expecting that."

"Wait, you mentioned that. Why did you pay for our bill again?"

"Something about me arranging it when I made my reservation. In support of the happy couple," Dan said.

"Oh, so Lester....that sneaky asshole," Sarah could only shake her head. Lester was always trying to pull stupid shit like this with Dan.

"See what I mean? Sneaky. Like a hacker. Between sticking me with the bill and that whole Dan DeCuck thing.....such a fucking asshole."

"Lester being an asshole is not something I'm disputing," Sarah said, "He is a gigantic asshole." With an amazing cock. Who knows how to fuck. Who can make me...

"So you get to the hotel room..." Dan continued.

"Right, well, I put on a blindfold in the elevator," Sarah said, seeing Dan's eyes, "So, yes, I guess I could've gone to a different room. I can't remember, baby. Anyway, I get in there, and Lester tells me we're not alone. That you're in the corner watching us and that there's another man in the room."

"Jesse....." Dan growls.

"Jesse. Yes, but I didn't know that at the time. I just thought it was some guy, and because you were there, it was okay. That you were okay with it. I didn't even think to question Lester. Maybe I didn't want to question him. The situation, being blindfolded. Knowing eyes were on me. It was all intoxicating. I wanted to see what would happen. How far you'd let things go."

Dan stayed silent, his hands tight on the steering wheel even though the car wasn't moving. His eyes roamed distantly out the windshield.

"So what happened next?" Dan asked.

"The man....Jesse came up to me and got me out of my dress," Sarah said, noticing a vein throbbing on Dan's temple, "Then, when he got more aggressive, Lester stepped in and fucked me on the bed while Jesse and, well, in my mind - you, were watching."

"After," Sarah continued, "Jesse climbed on top of me and put himself inside me. Lester told me I could take off my blindfold. When I did, I looked around for you but didn't see you anywhere."

Dan turned to look at Sarah, "And what did you do then?"

Sarah hung her head, "I let Jesse continue fucking me. Then Lester again. Dan, I'm sorry, but they took turns with me all night."

"Jesus fucking Christ, Sarah! How many times? How many times did you fuck each of them!?"

Sarah hung her head, "I honestly don't know. I wasn't exactly keeping track."

"How many times did you cum then? Did you cum with Lester? Did Jesse make you cum?" Dan demanded.

"Dan - don't, don't make this harder than it has to be, okay? It's not important -"

"It's important to me, Sarah. Did Jesse make you cum?" Dan asked again.

"Yes!" Sarah said, "Yes, he made me cum. And he fucked me again this morning, if you need to know that too. Do you think I invited this scenario? I thought you were there, maybe that was naive, but I believed it. I believed Lester. Maybe that was my fault, but I thought you'd be there instead of getting arrested somewhere."

"That's not fair at all," Dan replied.

"Did you try calling my phone? Maybe I could have heard it and put a stop to things. Instead, you went on a drunken rant through the hallways and left me there alone with them," Sarah said.

"That's not fair, and you know it. I didn't realize how strong those drinks were and it's Lester who manipulated the situation. He invited Jesse to this whole thing just to fuck with me. He told me the wrong room on purpose. This isn't on me," Dan declared.

"You're right. Lester did set this up, and we both walked into it. I should have known better, and maybe you should have had less to drink, which kept me protected," Sarah said.

As angry as she wanted to be with Lester for pitting her against her husband like this, there was a dark thrill inside her that was tickled by the situation he'd put her in. Being fucked all night by more than one man had been frankly amazing. Lester had opened up new worlds for her. He was unpredictable and delivered her new experiences that she was beginning to crave. These are experiences that Dan hadn't come close to giving her in all their years of marriage. Maybe that was why Lester had kept Dan at bay. He knew that Dan would end things and deny Sarah these new adventures.

But that didn't make what he did right. He shouldn't come between a committed husband and wife like this. But Lester never really did give a shit about that. He just did what he wanted. An attitude that Sarah continued to find herself seductively drawn to.

"Part of the thrill for me was thinking you were there. Knowing you were watching," Sarah continued, "I don't know why I didn't stop when I realized you weren't in the room. I'm sure part of me wanted to. To stop. But by then, I was lost in it all. In that situation. In the pleasure. The abandon. The attention. I couldn't control myself, Dan."

"Lester seems to have that effect on you," Dan muttered, "And now it seems like Jesse does, too."

Sarah scoffed and shook her head, "Jesse doesn't impact me like that. It could have been anyone else last night, and I would have reacted the same way. I mean, there is something appealing because you dislike him so much, but no, he doesn't have a hold on me."

"It honestly makes me sick to my stomach knowing that....thinking about him on top of you like that. I know you came but did you enjoy it? Is he.....I don't even want to know...is he better than me?"

Sarah looked at her husband and chuckled. She could see the uneasiness in his eyes. Sarah knew that Jesse joining the prestigious firm had thrown him for a loop and made him question his own abilities. But he had nothing to worry about, "No, Dan, he wasn't better than you. He was different, sure, but you

are on another entirely different level. It was more the situation than anything that was working for me last night."

"What do you mean, different? Different good? Different bad?" Dan asked.

"It was just different," Sarah said. It was like he was desperate—hungry for it. For me. In the moment, it worked for me, but now that I think more about it, it just comes off as kind of needy—like he was trying too hard—not the most attractive trait."

"Besides," Sarah said, turning her body towards her husband, her cleavage on display as she pushed her arms together, "Minus the whole Jesse thing, what would you have done if you were in the room with us? Would you have put a stop to things?"

Sarah's voice grew sultry as she ran her hand up Dan's leg, "Would you have carried me out of that room, or would you have sat and watched as two guys took turns with your helpless wife?"

"I...um....fuck...Sarah...thats not...."

"Close your eyes and picture it. Me with two strangers. Taking turns with me. Would you tell me to stop," Sarah's hand caressed Dan's growing erection through his pants. Sarah whispered, "I noticed this earlier. Your cock getting hard talking about me in that hotel room. I think part of you is upset you didn't see what happened."

"That's not just it, Sarah, not all of it," Dan breathed as Sarah continued to stroke his cock, "It's being jerked around and feeling like some kind of pawn in a game I don't even realize I'm playing. Lester doing underhanded shit to try to win."

"So beat him," Sarah whispered, "Beat that fucking creep at his own game Dan. Don't let him win."

Sarah sat back in her seat and bit her lip, steeling her gaze at Dan. She ran her hands gently over the outline of her breasts, "You don't want him stealing your precious prize, do you?"

Dan audibly groaned from his seat, "Jesus, Sarah...I.....fuck."

Sarah let her sexy facade drop and laughed, "You're seriously too easy, Dan. I love it."

"That's not fair at all," Dan complained, "You can't just turn the sexy act on and try to sweep all of this under the rug. I'm still pissed about —"

"Baby, you know me better than that. Being sexy isn't an act," Sarah leveled her eyes at Dan, making him gulp, "I only choose whether to turn the dial up or down, given the situation."

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose, "That still doesn't just wash this all away."

"You're right. Last night still happened" and this morning. "I won't say that I didn't enjoy things because I did like parts of it..." Sarah chose her words carefully, "But you being in the dark and not a part of it wasn't what we wanted. We need to address that with Lester."

"It's so fucking weird that we're still talking about that creep having more time with you in the future, but fuck it, no more Jesse. He has to get that through his thick skull of his, too, that at some point, I'm going to reach my breaking point with him. He can't keep pulling this shit and fucking with me."

"I agree, baby. You're right," Sarah put her hand comfortingly on her husband's arm. "I think we're overdue to have a sitdown. Come to Jesus and chat with Lester. Let's go back up there and –"

"No," Dan said.

"No?" Sarah leaned forward, confused. It seemed like they'd had a direction that they could move forward with and lay new ground rules for Lester to follow. And break.

"No. You're not going back up there now. If you are good to drive, I think it's best that you just head out now. I don't want Lester anywhere near you today. That bastard had enough of you last night. I'm not going to let him manipulate things any further. I need to get my head straight first."

"But my suitcase....I just need to grab it," Sarah said. Her suitcase was in Dan's bedroom, next to Lester's, where he was probably naked on his bed stroking his cock, expecting her back up there any second to spit and lick his mesmerizing cock.

"I'll go get it," Dan said, opening the door, "Just wait here. I'll be back in a second."

Sarah moved into the driver's seat and watched Dan stalk back into the building. God, that man can be sexy when he's serious.

Dan returned and loaded her suitcase into the backseat a few minutes later.

"Are you sure you're okay to drive?" Dan asked, "You had a long night."

"I'll be fine baby," Sarah said, "Unless you want me to go back upstairs with Lester?"

"Don't you start with that," Dan said, "We still need to talk more about what happened last night. But I just want you to get out of Chicago."

"Not without a kiss, baby," Sarah purred.

Dan's hard facade seemed to momentarily break as he leaned into the car and kissed his wife tenderly. Their lips lingered together, both of them wanting more from the other.

Sarah was disappointed to be leaving Chicago a day earlier than planned, but it was probably for the best. She didn't know what might happen if she spent another night in close confines with Lester. She wasn't sure Dan or her marriage could take another hit like that so soon after the previous night's events.

"I love you," Sarah said, rolling down her window and putting the car into drive.

"I love you too," Dan stood there with crossed arms. He said the right words, but his body language was still tense. This issue wasn't settled, and it would take time to get back to where they had been just the day before. Maybe it was time to indulge in his fantasies without Lester again. Show Dan he was still the one in control.

Sarah waved goodbye to her husband as her car pulled out onto the street and headed toward home. The idea of control rattled in her mind. Had Dan ever really been in control? For as long as she could remember, she was the one who'd been in the driver's seat. That was until Lester had come around. The way he took charge and put her into situations that unleashed her dark side. As she drove, she wondered who was more familiar with the dark impulses within her. Lester or her husband?

"Excuse me, I think you're in my seat." Sarah had just arrived at work to find someone else sitting at her desk—well, at least in the cubicle to which she was currently assigned. Her real desk, at least the one she still thought of as hers, was in the office that the head of HR had taken over. She was trying to be a bigger person and not let that eat at her, but it still felt humiliating.

It was like her value was being gradually diminished. Things she had worked hard for over the years were just being stripped away from her. Her new colleagues at the hospital were basically telling her she wasn't good enough for what she had strived to achieve. That they all knew better, and that voice deep down in her soul that told her she wasn't good enough had been right all along.

"Um, Sorry?" The pretty young woman said, looking up to face her. The girl clearly looked flustered at being confronted. Sarah didn't recognize her. She was probably new. Not long ago, Sarah was looped in on all new hires. Now, she wasn't even consulted. Another part of her responsibilities slowly being shunted away from her. "My boss told me to sit here and get set up. I just started," the girl continued, "she said that this desk was vacant."

Sarah felt the tension returning to her shoulders, "Who's your boss?"

"Mary," the young girl said, pointing towards Sarah's old office, where the new head of HR resided. "Oh, and, uh, nice ring."

Sarah had been about to angrily march into the office she'd once occupied but stopped, realizing she'd forgotten she was wearing the ring Lester had given her at The Lockwood. She wasn't sure how it had gotten into her suitcase. Probably Lester. She couldn't imagine Dan packing it away for her or how he would even get it. She'd admired it as it sat on her bureau that morning and had slipped it on. Clearly, she had never slipped it back off.

"Thank you," Sarah breathed, trying to keep an even tone. It was almost a laughable moment, her Chicago adventures again crashing into her Middleton work life. The girl seemed to pick up on Sarah's shift in tone and curtly swiveled back around to focus on her computer. Sarah took a moment to remove the ring quickly and slipped it into her pocket. Then she squared her shoulders and walked over to her old office.

"Mary?" Sarah asked, sticking her head in the doorway, "Got a second?"

The older woman sitting behind the desk looked up at Sarah with impatience in her eyes. She scanned Sarah's body for several seconds and a disgruntled look appeared on her face, "Sarah. What can I help you with? I'm about to step out to a meeting."

"I'll be quick," Sarah stepped into the room. The further she moved into the new occupant's office the deeper the frown on Mary's face grew. Sarah gestured over her shoulder, "There's a young lady at my desk. I was just wondering whether –"

Mary scoffed and rolled her eyes, "Don't you read your email? You've been reassigned."

"Reassigned?" Sarah stammered, "I'm up to date with my emails. There's nothing there about it. What do you mean 'reassigned?'"

"The hospital administrator position has been eliminated," Mary said coldly.

Sarah stood there shocked, waiting for the scornful woman to elaborate. She didn't. The older woman seemed to take some perverse pleasure in seeing Sarah wither in front of her.

"What does that mean?" Sarah asked, "You can't just –"

"It was a board decision," Mary waved her hand dismissively. The executive team and the board are restructuring things. We're making this place run like an actual functioning hospital should." She leveled a flat gaze at Sarah, implying that Sarah had been part of what had previously made the hospital run poorly.

"While, of course, we appreciate all of your hard work, the board felt it made more sense for many of those responsibilities to sit within their respective departments. Since everyone reports in to Richard now anyway, they found the role somewhat redundant. The decision was unanimous." Mary flashed some teeth with that last phrase.

Sarah felt like the walls were closing in on her. Her heart felt like it was going to leap out of her chest. What the fuck was happening?

"So what does..." Sarah started but couldn't quite find the words, her brain still shocked from the bombshell this nasty woman had just dropped on her.

"Oh, get it out," Mary spat, "I'm not a mind reader."

"You said I was reassigned. What does that mean?" Sarah asked.

Mary grumbled, "You should've received an email about it."

"Anyway," the older woman continued, "A role recently opened up. The hiring manager thought you would be a good fit for it. I'll send you the job description, but ultimately, it's up to you if you decide to take it."

Sarah groaned as her mind raced. She had been on the other side of this situation enough times to know that Illinois was an at-will employment state and that she could be let go for just about any reason. Eliminating her role was perfectly justifiable. She momentarily wondered whether or not the hospital would pay out any severance if she didn't take the new position.

"If I don't take it, is there some sort of package or...?" Sarah started before Mary huffed and bounced in her seat.

"Let me be frank, dear. Your position no longer exists at this facility. No, we aren't in a position to offer any severance. It's only through sheer luck that this position in IT opened up, and you were considered for it. If you don't want it, the door is behind you."

IT? "Who's the hiring manager?" Sarah breathed, trying not to tear up.

"Lester Marshall, the new interim head of IT Services." Mary smiled, but it didn't quite reach her eyes, "Now, if you don't mind, I need to head to that meeting. Please speak with him to let him know and to figure out where you'll be sitting if you stay. And check your damn email. If you don't want the position, just let Mr. Marshall know, and we'll get the process started on our end."

Sarah walked out of her former office in stunned silence. She heard Mary scoff at her again as the older woman closed the door and walked past her, heading to whatever meeting she was expected to attend. Just like that, Sarah's professional career had taken a massive hit, and she was still reeling from it. Did Lester vouch for her and create this position to save her from being let go?

It didn't fit in with the narrative she had talked about with Dan, but she was having a hard time putting the pieces together any other way. Lester was on the executive team, which was almost comical to think of. He would be privy to those high-level discussions. Maybe he had actually saved her.

Sarah took the elevator down to the floor where IT resided. She tried to hold her head high, not wanting her true feelings to betray her professional demeanor. It was such a demotion. Even though she was apparently staying at the same salary, she no longer held as much sway and responsibilities as she had just a few months ago.

Sarah took a deep breath, pushed open the IT Services door, and strode across the floor towards Lester's new office. She remembered coming here many times to strategize with his predecessor, Jerry, who had been unjustly fired by the new CEO, Richard. Her eyes locked onto the form of her husband's fat roommate, who had his feet up on the desk as he ate a large bag of Cheetos. He didn't give off the appearance of the head of IT, or anything else for that matter, but Sarah knew he was highly competent with computers and had proven himself an expert in everything the hospital required.

As she walked toward him, she realized she was still relatively ignorant about Lester's level of expertise. Yes he must have some skills to counter ransomware and hackers but she really didn't understand what those were. It must be enough for the CEO to hire him. But in his position he needed to have some level of people skills right? Sarah looked around at all the empty cubicles and shook her head. Not that there was that many people left. Her thoughts turned to Dan's suspicions about Lester and whether there was any truth to them.

Could he have done it? She honestly didn't know. He was much more skilled with computers than she was. She knew enough about how expansive a field like IT was and how often people assumed any IT

person could pull off feats of technological wizardry. But Sarah at least knew enough to recognize there were many specializations and disciplines within the field. But she didn't know how to gauge whether Lester's skillset involved the ability to hack and take over networks.

She knew he was skilled at cyber security, at the very least. He convinced them to dish out over \$250k for his services and solved an IT crisis that no other security firm wanted to help with. Lester wasn't the most stand-up guy, but she still couldn't imagine him hacking the hospital, threatening the livelihoods of her coworkers, and, worse, impacting the health of their patients. Why would he do that? It didn't make sense as much as Dan wanted it to. What? So that he could fuck her? He had already been doing that. And she had called him and asked for his help. It wasn't like Lester rode up to the hospital like a white knight.

"Sarah," Lester smiled as she approached. He stood up and wiped the Cheeto dust from his fingers on his shirt, leaving visible stains behind, "What's wrong?"

Sarah stopped at the door to his office, taken aback by his ability to read her emotions. She was sure she had buried them deep under her business exterior and was hiding them better than this.

"It's nothing...it's just..." Sarah didn't know what to say. She was still processing the complex emotions from her rollercoaster of a morning. She needed to sit down and take stock, but life wouldn't let her do that just yet. Here she was in Lester's office, on the verge of breaking down again, her professional persona about to crumble in front of her. Tears formed in the corners of her eyes.

"Hey," Lester scooted his large body around the desk and quickly closed the door behind Sarah. As the door clicked shut, Sarah felt a flood of emotions break from her: anger, frustration, and all of these feelings about the life she had spent years building that was now coming crashing down.

"It's everything, Lester," Sarah started. Surprised she was confiding in him of all people, but she needed to talk about this. Needed to talk to someone who understood the situation. She just needed to vent, and he was here for her. "All the new management in the hospital. They simply don't give a single shit about any of us. I just found out that my position was eliminated and how I've been demoted to come and work down here." Her shuddering could be heard in her exhale.

"No offense," she added, looking back at Lester.

"I'm sorry," Lester said as he put his arms around her, gently holding her, "That sounds like a really fucking rough morning."

Sarah breathed out a sigh of relief and some tension released from her shoulders. She felt validated. Maybe it was this place that was crazy, not her.

"Don't be sorry, Lester," Sarah breathed into his chest, "This isn't your fault."

"Maybe it is, just a little bit," Lester said quietly.

"What?" Anger flashed in Sarah's eyes as she stepped back from him, "What do you mean?"

Lester held up his hands defensively, "When I heard they were going to eliminate your position. I just blurted out that I needed help in my department. Because of all the cutbacks that have been made, I need a right hand to help me run things. They weren't sure at first, but I convinced them you'd be a great fit. I'm sorry if I overstepped at all."

Sarah stared back at Lester, speechless for several seconds, as things clicked into place in her head. She hated the fact that she was demoted and now working in IT, a department that didn't interest her at all. But the alternative would have been worse. Just having her position eliminated and being out on her ass. At least this way, she had some amount of runway to figure things out for herself.

"I..uh..thank you, Lester," Sarah said, meeting his eyes. If it hadn't been for his quick thinking, she'd be out on the street right now. He had given her a lifeline, and she fully intended to embrace it. Sarah put her hand on Lester's arm, "Truly, thank you. I'm sorry if I came in here like a hot mess."

Lester just chuckled, "I've seen you as a hot mess, and this ain't it, believe me."

Sarah just grinned and shook her head, slapping him playfully on the arm, "Ass."

"I know this arrangement isn't what you want –"

"It's fine," Sarah cut in. "For now. I mean, is it what I spent the last several years of my life building towards? Definitely not. But now, I can still keep a roof over my kid's head. Thanks to you, Lester."

"Oh, and here," Sarah took the large engagement ring from her pocket and put it on Lester's desk. "I think maybe this is just for playtime, yes? I mean, I have a husband, you know that. But again, thanks so much for everything, really."

"I was just in the right place at the right time," Lester shrugged, "You know, I think my newest employee has had a rough day." Lester scooped the ring up off the desk without looking at it and dropped it in a drawer. "Maybe you should take the rest of the day to get your head straight."

"It's okay, I'm fine –"

"I insist," Lester tapped a book on his desk that had been part of the new employee welcome package from HR, "Besides HR says mental health is important right?"

Sarah just shook her head, "I guess. Thanks, Lester. I think taking a few hours to get my mind wrapped around this new reality would be great."

"Perfect," Lester said as he led her to his office door and opened it. He gestured for her to step out, and he slyly took a long lingering gaze at her shapely ass as she moved past him. He cleared his throat and followed her out into the cubicle farm.

"One thing before you go," Lester said, suddenly leading her towards another door on the same wall. "When you come back tomorrow, this is your office."

The door swung open, and Sarah's eyes opened wide. She had expected to be relegated to another cubicle, not to be given her own office. The room was well-lit and spare, with only a desk and a single chair. A small filing cabinet sat in the corner. There wasn't a window, but she had an office once again.

"An office? Are you sure? I don't want to jump the line. I'm new here, Lester. I mean, in IT." Sarah looked around for angry stares from her new coworkers.

Lester just chuckled, "The hospital let go of half the department, Sarah. We have plenty of room."

"Besides," Lester eyed her playfully, "I want my girl close by me."

Sarah slapped him on the arm again, gesturing for him to keep quiet. "You seriously need to keep quiet."

Lester whispered back, "Who gives a fuck? You hate all these new people here. What has being the most attractive, competent person at this place done for you? Landed you down here with me. It's not fair, Sarah."

Sarah shook her head while Lester's words took root. The fact that someone recognized how good she was at her job and that what she was going through was, in fact, unfair and not just in her head. It felt good to be seen like that.

"Regardless," Sarah started, "I still have my own professional code I'm going to follow. I can't let a few bad apples bring me down to their level."

"Good," Lester leaned in conspiratorially, "I much rather you come down to my level and get down and dirty."

"Okay!" Sarah said, rapidly backing away from Lester, "I'm going to do as you asked and go take the rest of the day. See you tomorrow, Mr. Marshall."

Lester just smirked at her as she walked out of the IT department. She was relieved that Lester allowed her to leave early. Her mind was still a mess even though Lester had helped her to feel better about everything. He was the sole person at the hospital who'd offered her any kind of comfort. It was a relief to know that she wasn't alone there anymore. Sarah chuckled to herself at her earlier conversation with Dan that Lester was some kind of hacker. Despite being his roommate, Dan didn't know Lester like she did.

Sarah walked through the hospital halls as quickly as her feet would take her. She just wanted to get out of this building. As her heels clicked through the atrium, she saw the familiar janitor's cart up against the wall. Her head turned as she saw Otis mopping the floor of the men's bathroom. His eyes locked with hers, and a toothy grin spread onto his face.

Sarah immediately broke eye contact and turned back towards the building's rear doors. The last thing she needed was some horned-up janitor following her with expectations of another sexual encounter. She still couldn't believe that she had let him watch her and come on her face like that. It was humiliating, but she couldn't deny the dark thrill it had given her.

She pushed open the door and quickly found her car. A few hours passed before she had to pick up the girls from school. Sarah pulled out of the parking lot, and the thought of just driving off to Chicago to see Dan crossed her mind. She would try to go back up there next week, but the city still called to her.

Despite all the issues at work, Chicago's pull wasn't as strong as it used to be.

'Beat Lester at his own game.' Sarah's words kept echoing in his head. Every time he had gone head to head against Lester Dan had lost. Or been rebuffed. Or celebrated his victory too early only to suffer defeat later. Dan DeCuck, the hostess, saying into the phone.

He needed to be smarter about it if he was going after Lester. Much smarter. Dan couldn't get lost in his emotions and react and let Lester see his hand. No, the best way to attack Lester was a sneak attack. He couldn't let Lester know he was coming for him before he was ready to reveal his cards and shut that asshole down once and for all.

Sarah hadn't entirely believed Dan when he'd mentioned Lester being the one to hack the hospital. Dan still didn't know the 'why' or the details on the 'how' but he sure as hell knew the 'who.' Lester fucking Marshall. His incel-like roommate. Dan just needed a silver bullet to prove to Sarah that the monster was behind all this. And maybe even prove it to the authorities.

The insidious way Lester manipulates situations. The way he sidetracked Dan that night and brought someone like Jesse into the hotel room with Sarah. He was a planner. And he was calculating. Lester was driving forward an agenda that neither Dan nor Sarah was aware of.

Unfortunately, it seemed like Sarah still didn't buy into all of this. But she had to have seen the signs. Now, Dan just needed to find some harder proof.

Operation No More Lester was about to begin.

Dan's cell phone rang, snapping him back to reality. He looked around the office for his cell phone. He shuffled a few stacks of papers to the side as it kept ringing incessantly. There was so much piling up lately. Fuck, I just want to focus on Lester.

But reality seemed to have other plans for him. He found his phone and sighed at its display. It was Sentinel Securities again. He answered the call tentatively and went over their current project with them. The voice on the other end of the phone seemed to have an undercurrent of disappointment.

"Dan, while we're hitting all our timelines, we just expected or hoped for a bit more dedication from you on this."

Dan winced but didn't let it deter him. "We are still well within our agreement and what we initially set out to achieve. I do have other clients and obligations I'm balancing here. If you want more focus on your project, we could explore that, but we would need to come to a new arrangement."

Dan steadied himself. He was already working himself like a dog to keep them happy while building his roster of other clients and staying on top of his current job's demands. From the response he got, it seemed like Sentinel might consider upping his hours, but they wanted to discuss it more internally first. Dan wasn't entirely sure how he would manage it.

After the call ended, Dan tried to get his mind back on track to deal with Lester. The mountain of paperwork and requests made it difficult. He'd asked his boss Walt to restore his pay to what it was before, even arguing that he deserved more because of his increased workload.

But the old man flatly denied it. Being on the brink of financial ruin seemed to make him nervous, and now he was like Scrooge, pinching every penny.

Dan stood up and paced methodically around his office, trying to think up what he needed to do to take Lester down. What information he needed. What leverage he could gain on him. Dan glanced at the box of hidden cameras he'd purchased sitting under his desk.

He winced at them. He could not get home to Middleton anytime soon to install them. With Lester spending so much time in his town, he knew he needed to be able to monitor his house somehow.

Dan sat back in his chair, thinking about all he knew about Lester. There wasn't much to go on. He had a company that dealt with cyber security. That was at least one angle Dan could look into. Maybe see what information he could find out about it: past clients, that sort of thing. Try to talk to anyone who has dealt with Lester's business.

The only other aspects of Lester's life that he could think of were his smokeshow of an ex-girlfriend, Lizzie, and his group of nerdy friends. Lizzie was a puzzle piece that didn't make any sense. Maybe there was something there. But how the hell would he track her down? Dan opened Instagram and started looking up Lizzies or Elizabeths, scrolling fruitlessly, looking for a familiar face.

Dan wasted half an hour scrolling through his phone looking for a match but came up empty-handed. He just knew there was something there, though. Lizzie was important. Maybe she wouldn't reveal anything to him, but she had to know a lot about Lester if they really had been in a relationship at some point. Who knew? Maybe she was just a prostitute Lester had hired to trick them? That seemed extreme, but he wanted to keep all possibilities open here. All ideas needed to be considered.

The other avenue he had to explore was Lester's Dungeons and Dragons group. He remembered the one short guy who said something about having a board game store or something. Dan couldn't remember his name or any of the pertinent details. Turning on his monitor, he quickly opened Google Maps and looked up board game stores in Chicago. There were over a dozen. Dan started to meticulously go through their listings, looking for anything that might tie them to Lester's peculiar friend.

Dan scanned through the images on Google Maps, looking for someone who looked familiar. He pored through their websites until he landed on one where he saw a picture that appeared to be that Eugene guy in the background.

This must be it....

Dan checked the time. There was still a lot of work he needed to tend to, but he felt like this couldn't wait. He had to dive in and follow this lead while it was hot. If only he had the money to hire a private investigator to do all the legwork.

Dan left his office and took a bus to the store he'd found. He wasn't sure what exactly he was looking to learn, but right now, it was the only lead he had. Still, he needed to be careful. He couldn't just come out asking questions, or he might tip Lester off somehow.

It didn't take too long for Dan to reach the store. It seemed kind of nice from the outside in a weird way. He could see racks of board games and other fanboy paraphernalia adorning the store's walls from the window.

As Dan entered the store, the short man behind the counter squinted at him before smiling.

"You're..." the short man began, "Lester's roommate, right?"

"Yep, that's me. Sorry, I forgot your name."

"Ned," the short, pudgy man stuck out his hand for Dan to shake. Dan smiled and shook it. Ned continued, "Nice to meet you, uh, again, I guess."

"So Dan, did Lester send you?" Ned's eyes darted to the store's windows as if expecting to see Lester lurking outside.

"No, I didn't even know you worked here," Dan said. I just wanted to grab a gift for my nieces. I'm looking for a good kid's board game."

"This is my store. I own it," Ned beamed, "We definitely have something for you. Let's go see what we got."

Dan let Ned lead him to a section of the store with games for younger children. He made some small talk, discreetly asking some questions about Lester. Much to Dan's dismay, it seemed like Ned didn't know much about Lester, either. He had joined their group a few years ago but kept most of his details to himself. Ned would help Lester with odd jobs here and there, but he didn't know much about him. Besides that Lester had recently gotten a smoking hot girlfriend named Sarah.

"What sort of odd jobs do you do?" Dan asked casually while feigning interest in the colorful board game box in front of him.

"It varies. Sometimes replacing drywall. Or driving Lester somewhere. Or....." Ned trailed off.

"Or?" Dan asked.

"Nothing," Ned corrected himself, quickly changing topics. "Yeah, so we do raids a few nights a week. I'm surprised you've never joined us," Ned said.

"Oh, I'm usually busy most nights. Work, you know. That must be hard to coordinate getting everybody together," Dan said while looking at a board game box absently.

"It's easy. We all just jump on Discord, and when there are enough of us, we jump on," Ned said absently.

"Discord?" Dan asked.

"It's an online community. Kind of like old school message boards but with more features and stuff."

"Huh." Dan understood that Ned was the kind of guy who liked validation from people. "Sounds cool."

"It is cool!" Ned exclaimed. "You should join us there sometime. I could invite you."

Dan didn't know if this was a lead worth pursuing, but it didn't seem like Ned had anything else to offer. He did wonder what other odd jobs Ned did for Lester. There might be something worth exploring there.

"Sure, I guess. Could be cool," Dan shrugged.

"Here," Ned fumbled with his phone until a QR code was displayed on it. "Scan this with your camera. It's an invite to one of our servers. I'm Surgebinder on there—feel free to shoot me a message, and I'll help you out."

A group of young teenagers entered the store, and Ned's gaze shifted to them. He looked at them hungrily, like pools of disposable income. Dan quickly scanned the code on his phone and said, "Ring me up for this game, and I'll take it."

Ned quickly checked him out, and Dan paid. Ned's attention shifted to the kids looking at Pokemon cards, "Don't be a stranger, okay Dan? If your nieces like that one, we have plenty of other games appropriate for their age group."

"Thanks for everything, Ned. I'll be back," Dan walked out of the store, unsure if he'd made any progress. Still, he had a new avenue of investigation, whatever this Discord thing was. Dan just hoped he would be an unremarkable blip on Ned's radar for the day, and the peculiar man wouldn't mention anything to Lester.

"I'm sorry, hun. We won't be able to take the girls this weekend," Sarah's father said over the phone. Your aunt isn't doing too well health-wise, and your mother and I are heading up to see her."

"That's okay, Dad," Sarah said, "Give Aunt Tabby my best, okay? I love you."

"Love you too, sweetheart. Take care now," her father said.

Sarah hung up the phone and buried her face in her hands. She'd already asked Dan's parents, who weren't available, to watch the girls. And now her parents were going away for the weekend as well. Sarah sighed, trying to figure this one out.

Dan had seemed distant on the phone, preoccupied with something. Or at least not willing to speak about what he was working on. It almost felt like he was doing something he didn't want to reveal to her fully. She needed to get him alone to discuss whatever it might be. There was something there, but she didn't know what. It couldn't be what had happened the last time she had been in Chicago, could it?

While they had started to work past that, she could see where the knowledge of that night and not having been there could still haunt him, forcing him to confront the same feelings alone.

But now it looked like she wouldn't be able to reassure her husband. She took out her phone to text him.

S: Hey baby, I talked to my parents. They can't watch the girls this weekend, either. Can you come down?

D: I can't hon, not this weekend at least. I'm sorry.

Sarah sighed. With everything going on at work, she wanted to get away from here. The last few days hadn't been too bad. Lester had kept her fairly insulated from other events in the hospital while giving her details on the executive team's decisions.

She knew he shouldn't be sharing such sensitive information with her, but she loved finally getting an inside track on the new executive team's decision-making. Lester would often ask for advice on approaching situations and dealing with other team members, something she was more than capable of providing.

While it wasn't exactly what she wanted, she couldn't help but feel a semblance of the importance she'd once held. Lester was at least providing her with that lifeline.

But she still yearned for Dan's presence. Just to be consoled by the man she had chosen to share her life with. She knew she'd have to wait a bit longer before feeling that sense of security again. Sarah rested

her head back on her chair. She was stronger than this. She shouldn't let these things eat at her, but they did. But Dan's sensitive touch would certainly take her mind off things.

With a sigh, she got up and went on with her day.

When the end of the week came, Sarah picked up her daughters from work with a smile. Despite everything going on with her, her daughters were still a bright point in her life, and she loved being a mother and caring for the two of them. She watched them interact with the world and grow up right before her eyes. She could only smile as she drove them home, listening to the girls talk about the elementary school drama going on in their lives.

It seemed so normal for the short drive back to their house. If Sarah couldn't be with Dan this weekend, she'd double down on the time with her daughters. She cooked them a simple meal, bathed them, and then settled in to watch the newest Disney movie with them. By nine p.m., both girls were nearly asleep on the couch, so Sarah helped them brush their teeth, change into their pajamas, and tuck them into their beds.

When she returned downstairs, she tidied up the room and decided it was mommy time. Sarah opened a bottle of wine and poured herself a glass, letting the Bordeaux pour down her throat.

Her phone chimed from the kitchen counter. Sarah opened it expecting a text from Dan, but instead, it was from Lester. Sarah smiled and shook her head at his stupid message.

L: What are you wearing

Sarah just shook her head. She was a mess. Sweatpants, hair pulled up in a bun. Makeup washed off from the day with a loose t-shirt. Her half-zipped-up hoodie hid her lack of a bra.

S: Nothing sexy. I'm a mess right now.

L: Liar. Show me.

Sarah just rolled her eyes. Lester had behaved himself so well all week, actually playing the role of an okay boss and IT department head. But she knew Lester too well. She knew what lay beneath the surface. She'd still caught a few of his inappropriate glances.

Sarah shook her head, held the phone up above her head, and snapped a picture. The high angle clearly showed her messy appearance. After all the sexy outfits and lingerie she had worn in Lester's presence,

she knew it would be a letdown. She sent the picture and went back to drinking her wine, moving from the kitchen to the couch in the living room.

L: Yummy

S: Now who's the liar?

L: I'd hit it

Sarah just chuckled. The thought that it was now her boss texting her like this crossed her mind. These messages would definitely be viewed as wholly inappropriate and an abuse of power dynamic. Would Richard and Mary from HR even give a shit? She doubted it, but it wasn't like she had planned to burn Lester by exposing their conversations. Who knew what else would come out of that discussion, but also....this was Lester. This is just what their relationship was like.

S: Uh huh. Well thank you, I guess

L: Serious, you still look drop-dead gorgeous

L: Your messy is still sexy. Way more attractive than 99% of women.

Even though she didn't believe him, it was still nice to hear. His compliments stroked a part of her ego that needed attention.

S: Yeah right, you're just saying that

L: Send me another pic then

Sarah snapped another pic from a different angle, less flattering than before, and sent it to him,

L: I'm already hard

Sarah paused. This was a bit of an escalation. She checked the other thread in her messaging app again to see if Dan had messaged her back. Netflix was open on the TV in front of her, but her chat with Lester seemed more interesting than anything streaming.

With a wicked smirk she replied to him.

S: Show me. I don't believe you.

Less than a minute later, a pic of Lester's hard, angry, intimidating cock appeared on her screen. As she was trying to figure out how to respond to it, another pic of his cock from a different angle popped up, followed by a second one.

Sarah just started at her screen, looking over every bump and crevice on Lester's king-sized cock. She knew she was playing with fire but couldn't help but take in every part of him. Her pussy pulsed, knowing how that big cock felt inside of her. It was almost like her vagina had muscle memory from gripping his immense cock so often. As her eyes traced up his shaft and the thick veins running up it, she could almost feel it. Or at least the lingering memory of it.

L: Speechless?

S: I just wasn't expecting so many pictures.....

L: I can't help what you do to me

S: This is not a workplace-appropriate conversation

L: That never stopped you before. Remember our time in your office?

Sarah started responding, but a flurry of messages from Lester stopped her in her tracks.

L: Fucking up against the window

L: Breaking your fucking desk

L: Taking you doggy style on the fucking floor of your office

L: Fuck that felt so good

S: You weren't my boss then...

L: I've always been your boss. You do whatever I ask.

S: I'm not some obedient slave, Lester. I choose to do the things we do.

L: You're my perfect little slut, aren't you? You've said it before

S: That's all sex talk. Now you're my boss for real as fucked up as that is.

Another picture of Lester's large cock popped onto her screen.

L: Take a pic of those tits for me. I want to rub one out to you right now.

S: I don't think HR would approve.

L: I don't give a fuck

Lester's last message lingered there, clearly awaiting a response. She knew he'd meant it - that was Lester to a tee. Sarah bit her lip, lifted up her shirt, and snapped a quick picture of her breasts without her face in it. As she hit send, she felt a dark desire twist and unspool inside of her.

L: That's my girl.

L: God I want to taste those right now

S: Are you touching yourself?

Lester sent her a short video clip of him stroking his cock in slow motion. The house suddenly seemed exceptionally warm. As she watched the looping video, Sarah's eyes felt like they were glazing over. She noted how far his hand had to travel to cover the distance when stroking himself.

L: What would you do if you had this right now?

S: I wouldn't be texting

L: What would you be doing?

Sarah paused, thinking what to say, knowing that she might escalate the conversation.

S: I don't know

L: Would you be riding it or want to suck it?

S: Neither

L: ???

S: I'd have my legs wrapped around you as you thrust into me, pinning me to the bed.

S: Moaning your name over and over

L: God that sounds fucking good. I would grab the back of your head and stick my tongue down your throat.

S: My pussy would clench around your cock, milking it. Not letting you go, not letting you move an inch.

L: Condom or no?

S: No. Never. Fuck.

L: You're making me stroke so hard right now

S: Mhmmmm cum for me big boy. Make a mess.

Sarah waited with bated breath for a picture of Lester's signature large load. Her hand absently caressed her breast through her tee shirt. She pictured Lester leaning back on his bed, furiously stroking his large cock as he moaned, looking at the picture of her tits. Maybe he needed something else to push him over the edge.

Sarah snapped another picture of her holding one of her bare breasts and sent it to him. This time, she included her mouth with her tongue out for him. No response.

S: I want to see it. Show me the mess you make for me.

Sarah lay her head back on the couch, her hand drifting into her panties. She was already so wet from their sexting. She snapped a picture of her face contorted in pleasure and sent it to him.

S: Come on big boy. I want to see it. Please.

Still nothing. Was it that hard to jerk off and send her a message at the same time? She now needed to see that cock explode for her. Because of her. As the minutes ticked by, she got frustrated, wanting to see that picture and touch herself to give herself her own release.

S: Hello?

S: Lester?

Finally, three little dots appeared on her screen. Lester was typing up a message. She held her breath as she waited. Eager to see what he was going to say. She still wished just for a picture. Each millisecond seemed to stretch on for eternity as she waited for his response.

L: I'm outside

S: What?

Sarah got up and looked out the living room window. The darkened shape of Lester's SUV was in her driveway.

S: Lester what are you doing here? You should go. You can't be here.

L: You said you wanted to see me cum.

Sarah's mind flashed to her daughters sleeping peacefully upstairs. If they weren't here she knew she'd be tempted to let Lester in. Even though she knew she shouldn't. Maybe she could go out to his car and.....Fuck. A neighbor would see that for sure.

S: You shouldn't have come here.

L: I haven't yet. I'm still stroking though.

Oh god. It's not like anything had to happen. She just needed to see Lester's cock explode for her. Then he could leave. Maybe he could just do that from his car and send her the picture.....

L: Go to your backdoor

What? Sarah's heart was beating out of her chest as she hurried to the sliding door off the back of her kitchen. Sure enough, Lester was standing there pressing himself up against the glass, stroking his cock through his pants like some kind of pervert well on his way to a felony conviction.

It was dark out, but one of her neighbors in the back might still catch sight of him. Any number of neighbors might have seen him park and lurk in her backyard. Embarrassed, angry, and turned on, she slid the door open a crack.

"Lester," She hissed, "What the fuck are you doing here?"

"Jerking off," Lester smiled, "I thought that was obvious."

"That's not what I'm asking! Why are you here!?" Sarah chided him.

"You wanted to see me cum, so here I am."

"That's not what I meant, and you know it."

"I am not stopping now. I'm getting so close."

"Someone is going to see you and think you're a pervert."

"They're welcome to watch. You know I don't give a shit. And besides, I am a pervert," he said the word 'pervert' with a sick, self-satisfied look, nearly spitting the word out.

Sarah wanted to turn away from him. Mortified about the possibility of a neighbor discovering her secret. What if one of them called the cops, and Lester had to explain why he was there? They might question her, too. Would she lie to the police? She pictured herself standing on her porch in the cold, explaining her relationship with Lester to the police as her worried girls huddled behind her.

Against her better judgment or perhaps just giving in, she unlocked and slid open the sliding door, "Get in. Now."

With a triumphant smirk, Lester stepped into the kitchen as Sarah quickly shut the sliding door behind him.

"Lester, you're crossing another line. You know you shouldn't be here," Sarah said. Then, turning around to face her husband's roommate, she locked the door again.

Lester was leaning against her marble counter, pants around his ankles. He was stroking his massive cock while his eyes had been glued to Sarah's ass, being hugged by her sweatpants. Sarah froze like a deer in the headlights, her eyes locked onto the cock that seemed to be staring angrily back at her.

"I couldn't help it. I'm powerless against you," Lester grunted.

Sarah didn't respond; her brain was still processing what to do. She knew what she should do. And she definitely knew what she absolutely shouldn't do.

"Someone's going to see you by the window," Lester said.

His comment made its way into her brain, and slowly, she stepped forward away from the window, closer to him.

"You shouldn't be here," She whispered, her eyes still looking at what he had in his hand.

"But I am."

"It's not right."

"A lot of what you and I do isn't right yet here we are. Again."

Sarah was ready to say that her daughters were sleeping upstairs but she didn't want to draw his attention to them.

"You should go."

"Right after I cum for you - like I promised."

Sarah's eyes finally broke contact with Lester's cock. The slapping sounds of his strokes echoed off the hard surfaces of her kitchen walls and cabinets. Her eyes roamed up his hefty body, drinking him in. His arrogant face looked defiant against her protests while clearly enjoying his own masturbation.

"Come here," Lester said loudly.

"Shhhh," Sarah crossed the kitchen, getting close to him, "Quiet."

Lester looked up at the ceiling and chuckled, "They upstairs?"

"Sleeping, yes, so keep it down."

"You know, I'd finish faster and be out of your hair with some help. Maybe just a hand?" Lester held out his free hand, offering her to take it.

The attractive wife and mother approached the piggish man, pleasuring himself in her kitchen. She placed her hand in his, looking into his eyes expectantly. Lester grinned, and his hand left his cock, reaching behind him. As they stood under the room's overhead light, Lester slipped the ring with the oversized diamond back onto her ring finger, noting that she hadn't been wearing any rings when he came in. He smirked as Sarah was once again drawn to the size of the stone he'd just put on her finger. His hand dropped back down to his crotch, resuming the steady pace he'd been stroking himself with.

Sarah looked down at the sparkling ring and at Lester's cock again. She was close enough to feel the warmth radiate off of it. Lester turned his body and pressed his thick cock against her right hand. Sarah's wrist reflexively turned into his motion, and his cock slid against the inside of her palm.

Sarah's fingers tightened around Lester's shaft. She closed her eyes, her mind focusing on the sensation of his warm cock in her hand.

"Uhh, fuck that feels good. It's hard-working next to you all week and not doing this more often," Lester groaned, "You have no idea how many times I wanted to call you into my office and bend you over my desk."

"Why didn't you?" Sarah's voice was just above a whisper.

"I knew how hard of a time you were having this week. I didn't want to complicate things for you," Lester said, his eyes closed, clearly focusing on her moving against him.

Sarah didn't respond, but her grip tightened on Lester's cock, and she began earnestly stroking him. Lester sighed and removed his hand as Sarah's hand kept massaging his shaft. Sarah opened her eyes and looked at Lester's ugly face, which was contorting with pleasure. She had a hard time reconciling how great he had been this week with how he had treated Dan during the hotel trip to Chicago. She should just ask him about it and see what he said —

Lester opened his eyes, looking directly at her. Sarah could see the hunger behind his eyes, and her voice caught in her throat. They stared at each other for several seconds, both trying to read what the other was thinking. Sarah's eyes flicked to Lester's tongue as he licked his lips. Instinctively, she did the same thing.

Without speaking, Lester's hand snaked around Sarah's body and grabbed a full ass cheek in his meaty paw and pulled her towards him. Sarah gasped as her body melted into Lester's, her hand never ceasing its stroking of his rigid cock. His heartbeat pulsed in her palm, and her braless breasts pushed into his flabby chest. Sarah saw the hunger in his eyes and knew the inevitable was about to occur. There was no fighting this. No denying what was between them.

Lester pulled her tighter as his tongue descended towards her. Sarah closed her eyes again as his fat tongue pushed past her lips only to meet her slender one. Their tongues ran across each other tenderly, tasting one another until they tilted their heads, their mouths forming a tight airlock as they desperately made out with one another.

Sarah felt her knees weaken as she shifted more weight into the kiss. She was leaning on Lester, leaning into him, not wanting to let this physical connection go. The outside world slowly faded away as this perfect kiss consumed her.

"Mmmhmmhmm," Sarah moaned into Lester's mouth. He groaned back, the vibrations tickling her tongue, pushing her hips against him. Sarah started stroking him faster as she swayed her hips against his body, reveling in the feeling of pressing her weight onto his.

Lester pulled harder on her curving behind as he kneaded her ass cheeks. Sarah moaned again, feeling herself grinding hungrily against Lester's body. Her sweatpants felt so unnecessary. She wanted to rub against him skin on skin. Her nipples were hard, pressing against the material of her t-shirt.

Lester smiled inwardly at her unconstrained breasts pressing against him. He'd had Sarah in almost every way. The roommate's wife, the professional at the hospital, his little sex puppet in public. Even claiming him as his own 'wife' both publicly and privately. But tonight, he was getting something he never had before. The mother.

Sarah wore typical overworked, underappreciated mother attire with two sleeping offspring upstairs. The 'mess', as she called her appearance, put herself after all others. She was neglected by her husband. She was vulnerable and ripe for the picking.

Lester shifted his body so that his cock was pressing into her sweatpant-covered pussy. Making her stroke him against her slit.

"Mmmhmmmm," Sarah groaned again, feeling the warmth and hardness of Lester's cock. The sweatpants were in the way. Without letting go of his throbbing cock, Sarah used her other hand to pull down her pants, pressing Lester's lovely warm length against the thin material of her underwear.

"Ohhhhhmhmhmmmm," Sarah moaned. It felt so much better. Sarah swayed her hips back and forth, pressing herself against the shape of Lester's pole as her tongue swirled around Lester's. Lester's hands

went to her hips, gently pressing them as she swayed side to side. Soon, it felt like a dance, with Lester leading the direction of her hip movements as they swayed back and forth in the kitchen.

Lester hooked his thumbs under the sides of Sarah's panties, pulling them down her thighs. Sarah gasped and gripped Lester's cock in anticipation of contact. As he lowered her panties and exposed her slit to the kitchen, Sarah pulled his cock right to her opening, letting it run up and down her. She shivered from the feeling of the cool air with Lester's warmth pressing against her.

Sarah broke the kiss, her mouth agape as she tried to breathe in as much air as possible. Her head swam with a thousand different thoughts, but all of them were drowned out by the sensation of Lester's cock pressing against her. His cock slid easily up and down her slit. It was already slick with her juices.

"Let's go upstairs," Lester growled as he pulled his dirty shirt off and let it fall to the floor. Sarah couldn't help but run her eyes over his squat body. It didn't make any sense. She shouldn't have found his body alluring, but she did. Her mind warped against society's norms of attraction. Months of Lester spraying his seed into her mixed with the potent chemical cocktails of dopamine, endorphins, and oxytocin that her brain had released from their couplings.

Sarah let go of his cock as Lester grabbed her hand and began to pull her towards the stairs up to the bedrooms, her diamond ring sparkling from the dim lights in the living room. Her only clothing left was her t-shirt and ankle socks, and everything else lay scattered on the kitchen floor. In any other setting, Lester would look comical in only his tube socks, but Sarah wanted to jump his fucking bones.

Lester began to pull Sarah up the stairs towards her bedroom.

"Wait," Sarah stood frozen in place. She thought of her two sleeping angels, the potential for being caught, and the possibility of exposing them to her illicit life with Lester. "Not up there."

Sarah's mind whirled as they stood frozen on the staircase.

"This way," Sarah said, pulling Lester back down the stairs. She led him to another door leading down to the basement. They descended the wooden steps in darkness until part way down, Sarah reached up and pulled the string light, illuminating the small unfinished room. Musty and dark shadows from the boxes and other assorted items long forgotten by the couple were cast on the walls. The perfect lair for a troll.

Sarah led Lester down to the bottom and into one corner where Dan's old futon sat open. Sarah moved a few boxes from the couch. She bent over to place the last box on the ground, and Lester pressed himself up against her bare ass, his cock pressing into her crack and pussy from behind.

"Uhhhh," Sarah moaned from the sudden thrust. Her hand caught the edge of the futon bracing herself.

"Damn, you look good from this angle," Lester grunted. He pushed her t-shirt up towards her shoulders. "Let's take that shirt off. I want you naked for me."

Sarah pulled her shirt all the way off and thrust her ass back towards Lester's cock. He just smiled down at her. Her ass jiggling as it slapped back against his thighs, "If only the guys at work could see you now. I bet Richard would've kept you around if he knew you'd be willing to play nicely."

"Fuck him," Sarah spat.

"My my. Testy," Lester teased, "I'd love to see you use your mouth like that in the hospital."

"I bet you would," Sarah spun around, a challenge in her eyes, "You seem like to show me off lately. Even share me...."

"No," Lester stepped towards her. Sarah took a step back, the back of her knees bumping against the edge of the futon. Lester pressed himself right up against her, his flabby chest pressing into her heavy breasts, his cock jutting into her waiting pussy, "You're mine. I don't like sharing."

"Then what about the last few times," Sarah breathed quietly, "With Otis and then...Jesse at the hotel?"

"I didn't plan on Otis showing up. But I loved seeing how far you'd bend. To do what I wanted. I love seeing how much fucked up stuff you'll do with me. To see the perfect wife being my perfect little slut. THAT is what gets me off."

WHAP

Lester's hand came down hard and grabbed a handful of Sarah's ass. She winced at the pain and groaned as her body pressed hard into Lester's cock.

"Fuck, Lester," Sarah grunted.

"I love knowing you'll take shit like that and like it. Knowing that once upon a time, you would have slapped me in the face, but now you're going to lay down and spread those long, gorgeous legs for me."

"Are you sure about that?"

"Yes," Lester breathed and stepped forward again, forcing Sarah onto the futon. His hands were on her shoulder, pushing her onto her back. He moved onto the futon with her. Sarah looked up at him defiantly.

"Open," Lester commanded.

Hesitantly, Sarah's legs spread open before Lester. A shit-eating grin spread across his face, "Good girl."

"What about...," Sarah breathed, "Jesse in the hotel room. Letting him have me like that. The both of you. Why him?"

Lester shuffled forward and rubbed his cock up and down Sarah's wet slit. She bucked her hips against him, seeking contact with him.

"Who gives a shit about him?" Lester croaked. Jesse didn't matter, and Lester couldn't see why she was so hung up on this.

"Tell me," Sarah breathed, reaching out to grab the shaft of Lester's cock, trying to pull it into her.

Lester stared down at Sarah, his gaze feasting on her breasts and the mask of pure lust on her face. She was tugging on his cock, trying to get it inside of her, but Lester held firm, letting her squirm under him.

"I wanted to see how big of a slut you've become for me. I wanted you to not say no and give in to what I wanted. And that's exactly what you did, Sarah," Lester said as he thrust his cock fully to its hilt into Sarah. Sarah took a sharp intake of breath as Lester reveled in the way her breasts jiggled at his initial thrust.

"Ohhmmhmmmfuck Lester," Sarah groaned, her mind losing its track of thought. Lester's cock thrusting in and out of her was driving her insane. She hadn't realized how badly she needed to feel him.

"You should have just asked me," Sarah moaned, "I, uh, I would have –"

"Your boss doesn't need to ask anything," Lester said, punctuating his sentence with a hard thrust, making Sarah yelp. "Ggnng, you just do as you're told, understand?"

"Ohhh fuck," Sarah grunted in time with each of Lester's thrusts. Her fingers gripped the old sheets that adorned Don's old college futon. The first time she slept with Dan was years ago, when she was on this very couch. Lester's greedy, fat hands were gripping both of her thighs, using them as leverage to piston in and out of her.

"Uhhh.....mhmmmmmm.....ffffffffff,,,,,god....Lessster," Sarah put a hand to her lip to try and muffle her moans, not wanting anyone in the house to hear her. It was too easy for sound to travel in the vents.

"You'll do as you're told, won't you? Fucking say it," Lester spat.

"I'll do whatever you fucking want," Sarah whined as Lester slowed his pace, ensuring he pulled almost all the way out and pushed back in all the way to the hilt, "Fffuuuuuucuk LESTER!"

"But...Uhhhhhh...wwhhyyyy Jesse?" Sarah moaned, thinking back to her illicit night of sex. "Why did you lie to Dan like that?"

"Do you really want to know?" Lester peered down at her, moving one hand to her beautiful bouncing breasts as he pinched a nipple in his thumb and forefinger. Sarah groaned in response, her eyes rolling back in her head.

"Yes," she finally breathed, surprised her brain could muster up a coherent thought and form words.

"Because I like fucking with him," Lester chuckled, "I like pissing him off. It's not enough that I get to fuck you. It's fun humiliating him. Don't you think?"

Lester's words were like gasoline on a fire. The sheer malice of him wanting to hurt someone she loved and cared for. Her dear husband. Dan experiencing such utter defeat. Knowing that not just Lester but someone Dan detested had experienced his once faithful wife. Her dark impulses crept over her body, giving power to the thought of Lester dominating her husband so thoroughly. It was so fucking wrong. Just sick.

"OHMYFUCK, mmmmmmm" Sarah screamed into her hand as an orgasm rocked her body out of nowhere. Lester's huge cock stretching her out and pushing into all her sensitive spots, combined with the sheer idea of her husband being so outmaneuvered and humiliated by Lester. It was like a surprise cluster bomb went off inside of her, and her body was not ready to handle it.

Her limbs shook, and her head thrashed back as all her muscles contracted inward. Her ankles slapped together behind Lester's ass as she went rigid around his driving cock.

At the same time, Lester dropped his weight on top of her, crushing her into the old mattress. He began rutting into her like a barnyard animal in heat. Wild and with abandon, stopping for nothing. Sarah's hips slammed up back into him as her pussy tightened from her orgasm, trying to milk every drop of cum out of his cock.

"Holy shit," Sarah finally breathed out, getting a head rush.

Lester, sensing an opening, decided to add fuel to the fire, "Mhm I see you like that. Like seeing your husband lose to someone else, huh?" Lester teased.

"Nuu," was the only coherent word Sarah could form in response. As her last orgasm slowly receded and the fog in her brain lifted, Lester's words danced around in her head, "Maybe."

Lester just grinned his trademark shit-eating grin, "You fucking love it. You're not even mad I picked someone your husband hated. You loved every fucking second of it, didn't you?"

"YES!" Sarah screamed at him, "I fucking love it you bastard! Is that what you want to hear? Getting fucked all night....I, I couldn't walk properly for days."

"We were on the eighth floor. I never gave Dan the right room number," Lester chuckled. "I can't believe he went and got himself arrested. What an idiot."

"Don't....mmmmmmmm....fuck.....don't call him –"

"Running around the hotel like a drunk while me and that weasel Jesse took turns fucking his wife. Who else other than an idiot would find himself in that situation?"

"But you....ohfuck.....god.....you...."

"I fucking won," Lester sneered, "Dan lost before he even knew there was a game to be played. Pathetic."

Sarah couldn't believe how fucked up she had become. Lester's harsh words just turned up the dial on how fucking aroused she was, and each syllable was inching her closer to yet another supernova orgasm.

"I saw that," Lester said as he licked the side of her face, "Your mouth made a sexy 'O' when I called your pitiful excuse of a husband 'pathetic.'"

Sarah turned her head away from Lester and bit her lip, wondering if she'd really done that. It was hard to think straight as Lester kept thrusting his powerful slab of a cock into her. He scooped up his hips and changed his angle so his cock was slamming against Sarah's G-Spot. His cock was so big, so huge, it was stretching her little pussy and running over every fucking inch of her insides.

"Look at me," Lester said, holding her chin and turning her head towards him as he pressed himself into her.

"Look at me," Lester repeated.

Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at Lester's ugly face. It was beet red and unshaven. Sweat was beading at his fading hairline. She honestly thought he might have a cardiac episode. She knew the signs well.

"Say it," Lester panted.

Sarah's hands latched onto Lester's sweaty back, fingers digging into the wet hair there. She could see the sparkle of the diamond reflected on the basement ceiling.

"What, Lester? What do you want me to say?"

"Pathetic," Lester said, "Say it."

"I don't... —"

"Just say it," Lester repeated. "You already told him, unnggh, when I fucked you in the apartment in front of Dan. You told him his dick was pathetic. And he heard you. And then he made a mess with it."

Sarah looked up into Lester's eyes, unable to hold back the impending tsunami of an orgasm building within her. She knew that verbally saying the word would throw her world into another maelstrom of pleasure.

"Pathetic," Sarah whispered, betraying her husband during this illicit coupling. As the words left her lips, she felt like someone ripped off a band-aid as her orgasm rapidly bubbled to the surface, boiling over and scorching every nerve in her body.

Being part of Lester's game and domination over her husband made what felt like millions of fireworks blow off inside of her at once. Her pussy seized Lester's cock tight in an unyielding death grip, her knees pressing into his sides as her ankles locked with each other and dug into his hairy ass. Sarah's nails raked deeply into his back, and she stifled a fucking scream by biting Lester's bicep.

Lester rode Sarah through her orgasm, gradually pushing past the tightness of her pussy to keep thrusting into her. It was a magical sensation for Sarah, the naked cock inside of her continuing to strongly stimulate more needles of fire and flutters of orgasmic bliss throughout her entire body.

"Weak and pathetic. He's a fucking idiot. He should never have given you to me. Call him 'weak,'" Lester demanded.

"Weak, so fucking weak," Sarah moaned, thinking how many times Dan just stood there and watched her get fucked by Lester. The stupidly feckless way he would pinch the bridge of his nose because he couldn't handle something. Just a slave to his own fantasies.

Lester sneered down at her, an ugly expression she found overwhelmingly attractive. She pulled Lester's head down and kissed him firmly. Lester never let up rutting Sarah with his dirty cock between model-like legs. Sarah kissed Lester hard, mashing her face against his uncomfortably. She knew he could take it. He was strong.

So fucking strong. The pace she was getting fucked with was so fucking strong and durable. Her tongue danced with Lester's. They traded saliva. The lingering Cheeto taste in his mouth was like an aphrodisiac for Sarah, making her hips slam up off the futon to meet Lester's relentless thrusts.

Her brain was a mess of truths and overwhelming pleasure. She should be mad that Lester manipulated the situation with Dan and Jesse, but he did it all to give her that experience. Dan would have stopped it for sure. Not letting her experience that. So weak.

Lester took charge of each situation just the same way he was fucking her right now. Never giving an inch. Lester was grunting with each thrust, and she knew it was only a matter of time until he came. Came deep inside of her. Lester made things happen.

Sarah ran her hands down Lester's body until her nails dug into his asscheeks, and she pulled him in deeper.

"Fuck Lester. I want you. I need to feel you. Need to feel your cum. Please, Lester. Give it....fuck...fucking give it to me."

"I want you to cum thinking about how weak and pathetic your husband is," Lester growled, hoping through their coupling, he could implant and reinforce some of these concepts into her psyche.

"God Lester y-you're such a fucking bastard," Sarah moaned, her breathing getting short as she felt another glorious conflagration of an orgasm on the horizon, "Such a fffucking bastard."

"Did Dan cry once he found out you didn't leave the room to go look for him? That you'd rather fuck Jesse than go find out where he was? Boo- arrghhh, nnngh, boo fucking hoo. He knew that I was talking to Jesse but was too much of a spineless bitch to call me out on it. He could have stopped the whole thing if he wasn't so weak-willed."

So weak. Sarah's hand slapped Lester on the back of her neck as she pulled him into her and stuck her tongue into his mouth, trying to smother him, the ring there catching her eye again briefly. Her other hand reached behind Lester and found his ballsack. She grazed it with her nails, rubbing it in her palm, trying to coax out his cum.

"Fuck Lester I need it. Give it to me. Fucking....fuck give it to me," Sarah moaned.

"My cum?"

Sarah just nodded, biting her lip. Nothing had ever looked sexier.

"Not Dan's cum? You're sure?"

"No Lester," Sarah moaned as another orgasm began rocking over her body, "I need YOUR cum. Lester's cum. Please....fuckk....fill me up Lester.....God give it to me.....give to me.....give it to me.....ohmy.....ohmygod.....OHMYGOD LESTER!"

Sarah bellowed at the top of her lungs as her latest orgasm rocked through her body.

"FFFUCK. FUCK FFUUUUUUUCK TAKE IT. ALL. OF. IT! AGGGGRRHRG!" Lester roared as his balls contracted in Sarah's palms and started spurting load after load of bitter, illicit hot cum into Sarah's waiting pussy. Sarah moaned into Lester's shoulder as his seed flooded into her, pouring over every secret area of her body.

Sarah's pussy gripped Lester's monstrous cock in a vise as it milked load after load of his viscous cum, pulling as much of it into her as possible. She wasn't going to waste a single drop of the nourishing nectar.

Their mouths hung agape as their bodies started to slow. They lay there entwined, mixing each other's juices together. Both bodies were drenched in each other's sweat.

Lester rolled off to the side, panting as Sarah recovered. Her eyes were closed, and she could feel the strong pull of sleep calling to her. Lester was up, maybe putting his clothes on. It was a distant thought in the back of her head as her exhausted body finally began to rest.

Something pressed against her lips. Sarah's eyes flew open, and she saw Lester's ugly cock head pressing against her. It was like looking down the barrel of a gun. Before Sarah could react, Lester roughly grabbed her hair in a fist and pushed his cock between her lovely lips. The same lips she had used to kiss her daughters goodnight.

"Clean it," Lester demanded. "Don't be surprised that it's hard again. You do that. You make it strong and hard for you."

Sarah opened her jaw, and more of Lester's inflexible cock drove into her pretty little mouth. Lester's hand roughly gripped her hair, and he started thrusting his considerable length firmly into her mouth. She could taste his cum and her own juices on its shaft, mixing together in some kind of primal illicit cocktail. Being so close, she could smell their combined sex efforts and found herself incredibly turned on. If she could have her choice, she'd want this monster in her pussy again, but the fact that she had no say in the matter made her wetter still.

Sarah couldn't even respond to Lester. She just wanted to do what she was told. Her tongue ran over the length of his cock. She tried gripping his shaft to stroke him, but Lester was intent on using her mouth as his fuck hole.

And that's exactly what he did for the next several minutes. All Sarah could do was hold on as Lester ruthlessly and completely fucked her opened mouth.

"Gllalach,.....glaach....mhmhmmmm...glaaacckkkk."

The rough face fucking was so demeaning yet so fucking hot. To be used by some bastard like Lester.....to be used by her boss like this. It sent a thrill up her spine. To be dominated by someone so strong, to give in to their will. Fuck.

"Mhmhmmmm...gllluucckk...gllalack....gluullck...."

Her hands were roaming her body. One hand massaged her clit while the other groped one of her breasts. Lester never relented, never thought of stopping to check on how she was doing. He gave no quarter as he viciously fucked her offered mouth.

Lester pressed in deeper, pinning the back of her head to the futon. Tears formed at the corners of her eyes, and the head of his cock pushed into her throat. Her throat bulged, full of Lester's pistoning meat. Her nose filled with his monstrous, messy pubic hair as the fat, slovenly man roared.

"TAKE IT SARAH!"

A salty battering ram of cum blasted into her throat. The first rope sprayed her uvula, hanging in the back of her mouth, causing her to reflexively gag around his cock. Lester didn't care and just pushed deeper in response. She could feel his heart beating in the press of his obese belly on her forehead and in the veins of his cock as it pulsed on her tongue. Salty, bitter loads of cum blasted down her throat.

As Lester came again, he stiffened, allowing Sarah to inch her head back a little. That was a mistake as her mouth started to fill up with his impressive seed immediately. Sarah choked, and Lester pulled his cock out. His cum poured from her lips as she tried to catch it with a free hand.

Lester looked on, enjoying his pet as she swallowed all the cum she could. His copious load spilled over her lips and dappled her massive heaving breasts. His smile deepened as she licked her fingers clean of his cum without a second thought.

Sarah laid back on the futon, feeling the afterglow of her previous orgasm while she licked her lips and scooped up drops of the sticky white fluid from the slopes of her breasts, making sure not to lose a drop of Lester's tasty cum. Lester watched her carefully as her eyes closed and her breathing became more regulated.

Thirty minutes later, Lester was sure Sarah had fallen asleep on the futon. He crept up the two sets of stairs heading towards the Williams' master bedroom. He passed the closed door where Sarah's daughters slept and quietly slipped into Sarah's bedroom.

In their walk-in bathroom, Lester hunched over, looking under the sink and opening all the cabinets until he found what he was looking for. His nemesis for the past several months was in front of him.

A package of birth control pills.

Lester took out his phone and snapped several pictures of the packaging, ensuring he got the brand and other information he would need for his plans. Satisfied, he set everything in the bathroom back the way it was and slipped out.

Even though he had just come inside Sarah twice within the last hour, he was as hard as a fucking rock. Lester lumbered down the hallway, his large body projecting an ominous shadow on the walls from the night light plugged into the wall.

As Lester stepped onto the first set of stairs, he heard the unmistakable sound of a door creaking open behind him.

"Dad?" a child's voice called out.

Lester paused for a second with a deep, satisfied smile on his lips. Then he went back downstairs to his sleeping conquest.

Sarah awoke at some point in the night and realized Lester was next to her on the cramped old futon. She swung her long, slender legs onto the side of the futon and sat up. It was freezing in the basement. She must have just passed out without a blanket or anything. Her nipples felt like snow peas. They were so fucking hard from the cold air.

She had no idea how long they had been down there. She should go check on the girl.....

"Lester," she said, pushing into Lester's flabby body. He began to stir.

"What?"

"You need to go. Now."

"What?"

"You need to get out. I can't have you here when my girls wake up. I can't..."

"Are you sure? We could all have a nice breakfast together."

"Lester," she fixed him with a glare, "I'm serious. You need to leave. Please, Lester."

Lester grunted and got up, "Okay, but you owe me one."

The fat man lumbered up the stairs, found his clothes in the kitchen, and left through the front door. Sarah stood at the window watching as his car backed out of the driveway. Once he was out of her sight, she went up to check on her girls.

She knew a major line had just been crossed. She just didn't know how she was going to deal with it.